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MARK PATTISON.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE appreciation, almost amounting to reverence, with which Pattison was regarded by a small circle of disciples and friends has never perhaps been quite understood by the general public. The extent and quality of his fame during the last ten or fifteen years were indeed very remarkable considering his secluded habits, his reserved manners, and infrequent appearance as an author. It was almost universally felt that the Rector was an uncommon and original man; that he was not a copyist or echo of any individual or coterie, and that when he delivered a judgment no one gained by neglecting to attend to it. But the grounds of this authority and weight have not often been set forth, either before or since his death. Obviously his grave is yet too green for any attempt to exhibit fully the manner of man we have lost, least of all should I be capable of such a task. Though I knew him for nearly thirty years, it was with no intimacy. But I have followed his course with due and reverent attention, and may perhaps make partially visible the rare qualities and wisdom which lie buried in the churchyard at Harrogate.

Pattison's originality consisted in his living and flourishing in England and Oxford in the nineteenth century. A life devoted to learning in a country

given over to practice, and in a university consecrated to cram, was original to the verge of eccentricity. His love of learning must have been robust indeed to withstand the manifold sinister influences to which it was exposed during a half-century's residence in Oriel and Lincoln. "The tyranny of the examination system has destroyed all desire to learn. All the aspirations of a liberal curiosity, all disinterested desire for self-improvement, is crushed before the one sentiment which now animates the honour-student to stand high in the class list."¹ The system had been at least as injurious to the tutors and fellows as to the undergraduates. "The teacher must be master in the faculty. Our weakness of late years has been that we have not felt this; we have known no higher level of knowledge than so much as sufficed for teaching. Hence education among us has sunk into a trade, and, like trading sophists, we have not cared to keep on hand a larger stock than we could dispose of in the season."² This grave charge, conveyed in general terms, was grounded on particular instances only too well known to Pattison. When he wrote it, he could not fail to have in his mind the case of a quite famous

¹ *Academical Organisation*, p. 244.

² *Ibid.*

tutor in his time, who was supposed to have done great things for his college by his lectures on the Ethics. When this learned person, who had been promoted to a headship, died, curiosity was felt as to his library. It was discovered to consist of a few dozen ordinary school-books, which had proved to be an ample stock of literature for his purposes. It was among men of this stamp, to whom he was a wonder and an enigma, that Pattison grew and gratified his thirst for knowledge. It amounted, indeed, to a passion. Bacon himself was not filled with a warmer zeal for the advancement of learning than the Rector of Lincoln. It was the main-spring of his existence and the chief motive of all he wrote. And it was a perfectly disinterested and unselfish zeal. He had no cause to defend, no favourite theory which he wished to establish, which will often make a man toil unceasingly. He had little inventive generalising power, and was rather the enemy than the friend of "systems" and "philosophies" which pretend to completeness and finality—unduly so, perhaps. His one pre-occupation was to obtain an ever fresh current of truth, of vital knowledge, flowing in and vivifying every channel and department of national life. He believed in knowledge as a physician believes in ozone. It was the only real cure, he thought, for our superstitions, party spirit, stupidities, and vices. Hence "the professor of a modern university ought primarily to regard himself as a learner, and a teacher only secondarily."¹ "No teacher who is a teacher only, and not also himself a daily student, who does not speak from the love and faith of a habitual intuition, can be competent to treat any of the higher parts of any moral or speculative science."² "The moment the doctrine has stiffened in the teacher's mind into a dogma, *i.e.*, when it has lost its con-

nection with the facts it represents, it has become unfit for the purposes of teaching."³ This paramount "love and faith" in knowledge dictated and governed all his mental affinities and sympathies. He was a true liberal, because he knew what ruin despotic government could bring upon all independent thought and study. He was no democrat, because he was aware how democracy, in its present stage at least, from no ill will, perhaps, but out of sheer ignorance, is apt to scorn and destroy a science of which it cannot see the use and meaning. Indeed all enemies of learning were his enemies. The disgust with which the modern passion for athletics at Oxford filled him was almost comic. "Can parents and school-masters possibly go on any longer pretending to think that cricket, boating, and athletics, as now conducted, are only recreations? . . . They have ceased to be amusements, they are organised into a system of serious occupation. . . . As soon as the summer sets in the colleges are disorganised—study, even the pretence of it, is at an end. Play is thenceforward the only thought. They are playing all day, or preparing for it, or refreshing themselves after their fatigues. There is a hot breakfast and lounge from nine to ten; this is called training. At twelve the drag which is to carry them out to the cricket-ground begins its rounds, and the work of the day is over."⁴ This *cri du cœur* came from no morose, sedentary student, who could not appreciate the value and pleasure of exercise in a due proportion. The Rector was fond of riding and fishing, and up till last year a player of lawn tennis; but when exercise became a rival to study he had no patience with it.

However, his feelings to all the above enumerated enemies of knowledge, despots, mobs, or cricketers, were

¹ *Academical Organisation*, p. 164.

² *Ibid.*, p. 165.

³ *Oxford Studies*, p. 258.

⁴ *Academical Organisation*, p. 316.

mild and lukewarm compared to those excited in his bosom by the clerical or ecclesiastical enemy. The Rector could not be called an aggressive man in any relation of life. Some might be tempted to regard him as timid; but with reference to ecclesiastical oppression, especially when it was directed to the suppression of knowledge and fettering of thought, he was able only to maintain an outward calmness; within he was filled with a noble rage, "the freeman's indignation at clerical domination" which he recognised in Milton. Nothing irritated him more than the notion that "any system which proposes to provide *à priori* conclusions in any branch of knowledge relating to nature, man, or society," could have any pretensions to deal with the higher education or philosophy. He was in consequence quite free of that spurious liberalism which has nothing but soft and gracious words for the deadly enemies of all liberality and freedom, the high Catholic party, past or present. "Catholic schools there may be; but a Catholic university there cannot be. Catholic education may be excellent in respect of all the accomplishments, and may embrace many important branches of useful knowledge. It cannot really embrace science and philosophy. They appear before the public as teaching science and philosophy; but it is a sham science and a mockery of philosophy. Propositions in science and philosophy may be inculcated in their classes—possibly true propositions. But the learning of true propositions, dogmatically delivered, is not science. Science is the method of scientific investigation, which is one and the same in respect of all phenomena. The Catholic authorities, therefore, demand a separate university, not that they may conduct education in it, but that they may stop education at a certain stage."¹ Again, in his life of Casaubon, speaking of the Jesuits, he says: "Learned

their works are entitled to be called by courtesy, for they have all the attributes of learning but one—one, to want which, leaves all learning but a tinkling cymbal—and that is the love of truth. The Jesuit scholars introduced into philological research the temper of unvaracity which had been from of old the literary habit of their Church. An interested motive lurks beneath each word; the motive of church patriotism. Jesuit learning is sham learning, got up with great ingenuity in imitation of the genuine in the service of the Church" (p. 521). Similar passages abound in his writings, showing how warm his feeling was on this subject.

It was so warm that one would like to trace its origin, if one could do so without indiscretion or prematurely encroaching on the province of his future biographer.

Pattison, in his early Oxford days, was an adherent of the Tractarian movement, and a disciple of its great leader, J. H. Newman. It was surely wholly to his credit that he could not come within the range of the magic charm and spiritual attraction of the English Bossuet without succumbing to them. The Oxford movement itself, just about the time he went into residence, had acquired such volume and momentum that only those who were well ballasted with dulness and ignorance, found it easy to keep their feet. Pattison's vivid curiosity and openness of mind would especially expose him to the fascination of the incomparable preacher, the scholar, the divine, and the master of every note and harmony in the English language. It is natural to suppose also that the brother of Sister Dora, at twenty-five, was not insensible to the seductions of the spiritual life. In any case, like Chillingworth, Bayle and Gibbon before him, he yielded to the combination of logic and sentiment which makes the strength of Church principles. Every one has heard the story how he was only prevented by an

¹ *Academical Organisation*, p. 301.

accident from following his chief into the Catholic Church. Where is the wonder? Doubtless he had often read and weighed the words of the *Imitation*:—"Quiet that excessive desire for knowledge, because it brings with it much distraction and delusion. There are many things the knowledge of which is of little or no use to the soul, and he is extremely foolish who turns his attention to such things, rather than to those which would be conducive to his salvation." Momentous words, if any such were ever written, which have probably turned away millions from the pursuit of knowledge to the pursuit of holiness. They point the difficulty and sum up the question which sooner or later every healthy and vigorous mind asks itself in one form or another, "What shall I do to be saved? Should heaven be my hope and aim, or such earthly knowledge as may make this world a better and kindlier dwelling-place for me and my fellow creatures?" On that Monday, February 23rd, 1846, when Newman left Oxford "for good," and Pattison with others came to see the last of him, we may suppose these questions pressed with a painful urgency for an answer. He stood at the parting of the ways. The omnibus which neglected to call, the cab hastily summoned which reached the station after the train had gone, the rainy night which followed and induced him to dine in hall and postpone his journey, the unavoidable delays which succeeded may have kept him lingering at the bifurcation just long enough to renew doubts and hesitations which could hardly have been wholly wanting from the first. He was Newman's junior by thirteen years, and at this moment was only thirty-three years old, whereas his leader was forty-six. The intellectual current in Europe and England, outside Oxford, was set in very different directions from that which had prevailed fifteen or twenty years before, when the Tractarians had settled

their first principles of inquiry, if they had not drawn all their conclusions from them. Cardinal Newman, in his *Apologia*, says, referring to the years 1825-26—"A certain disdain for antiquity had been growing on me for several years. It showed itself in some flippant language against the Fathers in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* about whom I knew little at the time except what I had learnt as a boy from Joseph Milner. In writing of the Scripture miracles I had read Middleton on the *Miracles of the Early Church*, and had imbibed a portion of his spirit. The truth is I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral; I was drifting in the direction of literalism. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows—illness and bereavement." At that date a deeply religious mind could still hark back with honour into the sanctuary of Faith, especially in England. Twenty years later such a retreat had become vastly more difficult, perhaps not to be executed even by the great Tractarian himself if he had had Pattison's comparative youth.

Looked at from any point of view, it was a narrow escape. It would have been a heavy price to pay for moral excellence to have to swallow the miracles of the early Church without a qualm; and yet this is what Pattison had been very nearly binding himself to do. When the immediate danger was over, and he saw himself still safe in Lincoln, not "gone over to Rome," we can imagine he experienced a great revulsion of feelings. Rapidly growing knowledge, acquaintance with the results of German research on this very subject of the early Church, must have opened his eyes with no small amazement to the risks he had run. Coleridge used to speak of his having skirted the "howling deserts of infidelity" with a shudder. To such a mind as Pattison's, the recollection that he had nearly plunged into the howling deserts of superstition, must

have been even more disturbing. The memory of the shock and its occasion was never effaced, and I trace to it that deep and fervent love of knowledge, as the one safeguard against errors and evils equally disastrous to individuals and nations, which never left him but with his last breath.

One would gladly follow the steps by which he passed through this momentous change, and trace the curve which led him half round the circle to a position diametrically opposite to that which he had previously occupied. At present the materials are wanting or inaccessible. The autobiography on which he is known to have been recently engaged, and his letters which still exist may be expected to throw light on this interesting topic. This much is already clear, that when he once began to move away from Church principles he moved rapidly. His evidence before the University Commission showed that he had cast in his lot with "things of the mind." In the next fifteen years his most important, if not his most engrossing work, was his sustained effort to bring about a thorough reform of the higher education in Oxford; or rather to create that education which could not then be said to exist. Besides his evidence before the Commission, his article on "Oxford Studies," in the first number of the *Oxford Essays* (1855), ultimately followed by his masterly work, *Suggestions on Academical Organisation* (1868), are a noble monument of his patient zeal in the cause which he had most at heart. The last-named must, I think, be considered by far his greatest work. Its title is unattractive to the general reader, and its arrangement in many respects faulty. But it is in fact a profound essay on the Philosophy of Education and the advancement of learning. The thoroughness and grasp with which the intellectual side of the problem is discussed are even surpassed in value by the fervent love of all good knowledge which glows like a deep central fire in

the heart of the writer and in his book. Tractates on education have been common enough from the time of Milton downwards; but they have been mostly concerned with the education of the individual, and the perennial bone of contention, whether it is better to teach classics or science. Pattison takes up the question in its loftiest and widest aspect, as one involving national well-being, and even something beyond that, the progress and evolution of the human mind. Unless provision is made for a constant supply of the highest culture, of which the present state of knowledge admits, unless that knowledge in every department is ever being renovated and vivified by new additions won by unfettered inquiry and research in all directions, the national intellect must inevitably droop and wither like an underfed organism deprived of its proper nutriment. He disclaimed all wish for partial reforms of detail; his object was nothing less than "a change in the aims and objects of Oxford." "Let Oxford once more resume its higher functions, let it become the home of science and the representative of the best learning of the time." The degradation of the university to the position of a mere class-school, solely occupied with teaching and testing by examination crammed pupils, lay like a burden on his mind. No one valued good teaching more than he; but he thought it preposterous that vast funds, noble endowments, and princely libraries should have no other object or destination than the driving at high pressure of a number of youths through the "schools," without a thought or an effort devoted to the cultivation and extension of knowledge by mature men. The difficulties in his path were immense. To say nothing of the dead-weight of ignorance and conservatism constitutionally opposed to change, the very idea of what a university should be had faded from the popular mind. As he said, people cannot be expected to appreciate the

value of an institution, an example of which they have never seen. The first thing, therefore, was to create the idea of an efficient university, to show how far we were from possessing one, and how great and wasteful was the loss of the means and resources at our disposal. And the loss was voluntary and self-inflicted. It was "artificial legislation" which crippled Oxford. As a faulty system of taxation and tariffs may ruin a country's natural growth in wealth, so the spontaneous increase of knowledge may be checked by unwise statutes and hampering regulations. Without any statutes at all Oxford would never have come to the pass she had. But that enviable freedom was impossible by reason of the endowments, the distribution of which must necessarily be regulated by fixed law. Any change involved a new distribution of the fund, and that was to let out the waters of strife. If you want good teachers and learned men for professors, Pattison said, you must make learning a profession. The present system of tutor-fellows which makes teaching a mere transition to a college living, to the bar or journalism, is hopeless; able men will not undertake it on such terms. The sordid creatures actually expect to be modestly paid for the hardest of all work, the pursuit of science. Here was an opportunity for obstruction. The British Philistine can endure a great deal, but the endowment of research, the paying of a number of comfortable gentlemen to sit and read, perhaps dose over their books, appears to him at once comic and immoral; he really cannot away with it. However, Pattison never lost heart, never ceased holding up his ideal of what a university should be, viz., a metropolis of learning in which would be collected and grouped into their various faculties the best scholars and *savants* the country could produce, all working with generous emulation to increase the merit and renown of their chairs, lecturing to crowds of bright-eyed youths fired with

an unselfish love of knowledge, not like our poor slaves at the "schools," fearful to look at any subject of real interest to them, lest they should damage their chances of "a first," but eager for culture for culture's sake, and well aware of its exceeding great reward. If England ever does obtain such a university, it will be in no small measure to Pattison that she will owe it.

As an author Pattison has not made the impression which his great powers and unusual attainments might have been expected to produce. He had, indeed, within him so many impediments to large and successful authorship that the wonder is not that he wrote so little as that he wrote as much as he did. First of all he was a victim of curiosity, of his wide and sleepless interest in all manner of subjects about which he cared and read simply for themselves, without any after thought of working up his reading into a salable literary form. With a tithe of his acquisitions an expert young penman would have produced shelves of smooth readable volumes, and gained a reputation in letters, as reputations now go. He had none of the business author about him, who has one eye for his subject, and the other—the wider open of the two—on the market value of his wares in publishers' offices. He valued knowledge too highly to make a trade of it, even if paid only in fame. In the next place he was fastidious to a fault; his taste was superior to his power of production. He was too severe a critic of his own writings. Then, his scrupulous conscientiousness was extreme, and he never felt sufficiently prepared for a literary work. Nothing could be more deplorable than that he should have allowed himself to be prevented from prosecuting his projected work on Scaliger because Jacob Bernays anticipated him by a small though excellent opuscle. But the truth is, that bold and vigorous as he was in

speculation, he was seriously wanting in nerve and audacity in all practical matters. He could plan and prepare on the largest scale, but setting about the execution of a work was often more than he could face. I remember the strange anxieties which troubled him when he was meditating one of his books, and his difficulty in deciding on the proper style for a narrative. He told me he had come to the conclusion that the clear unfigured style of Thiers was the best model to adopt. At that time he was himself a literary veteran, and one might have supposed long past such doubts and difficulties. This want of self-reliance was more painfully apparent in common action with other men. No one who wished to keep intact his just reverence for the Rector should have consented to sit with him on a committee. He seemed abashed, not only by opposition, but by the bare possibility of it. I have had the honour—I should, perhaps, rather say the misfortune, considering that the result was injurious to my regard for him—to sit with him on various committees, and I never heard him make a suggestion, positive or negative, of the slightest practical value, and others, with larger experience than mine, have told me the same thing. It must be admitted that this was a grave defect. Valuable as his influence was in Oxford and elsewhere, it would have been increased tenfold had he possessed only ordinary determination and resoluteness when in contact with others.

And yet with all these drawbacks he has produced valuable works which the world would be unwise to neglect. This is not an occasion to speak of them in detail. They all bear on the one theme on which his whole heart was set—the praise and commendation of learning. No one need fear that in reading the slightest thing of Pattison's he will waste his time. He never wrote because he had to say something, but always because he had

something to say. It is much to be wished that his numerous anonymous essays scattered through old reviews were collected and published in a uniform edition of his works. The bulk would not be large, some four volumes, say; but the matter would be weighty and worthy of many perusals. *Pondere non numero* is a maxim especially applicable to all he wrote. The masculine style, so full of meaning that few have leisure to notice its Spartan disdain of ornament, one sees would not be eloquent for worlds. But under its reserve and sobriety of diction a force is concealed and effects are produced which the masters of bravura rhetoric may well envy. And the grave irony and chastened humour, never acrid or excessive, but just adding a flavour, the squeeze of lemon at the right moment, which gives that air of distinction and refinement to his writings, will assuredly not be overlooked by connoisseurs. All lovers of literature must wish that his works should be collected and published. One can only regret that he did not do it himself. But one of his weaknesses was a difficulty in believing that the world or anybody could really care for him or his doings. He would pain old and tried friends by expressions of surprise at their attachment. He could not be brought to believe how many loved and regarded him. On one occasion, when I was speaking of the mistakes we are apt to commit in estimating our importance in the world, he answered with his characteristic emphatic "Yes! Take your worst opinion of yourself when you are in most depressed mood. Extract the cube root of that and you will be getting near the common opinion of your merits." In this he was most unjust to himself. No one had a more prompt and generous admiration of what he considered good work: no one to the last was more open to new personal impressions and to recognise promise in youth. He was free of

the grudging spirit, not uncommon in old age, which refuses to believe in the possibility of merit younger than itself. "*C'est un grand signe de médiocrité de louer toujours modérément*," says Vauvenargues. Pattison did not fall under this blight; it was a pleasure to him to admire, and to admire warmly.

And so the long-expected end has come at last, after a painful and protracted waiting for the final summons. One need not be in a particularly "wan and heartless mood," to fall into a pensive vein of regret over the unequal law which disposes of accumulated wealth and accumulated knowledge. The industrious man who has collected his heap of gold can leave it to whom he will. The scholar cannot bequeath his

store to the most loved disciple. The Rector is dead, and all the garnered store of a lifetime has vanished with him. We are all the poorer by his loss. Many like myself can say, "*Auget maestitiam amici erepti*"—that his mind never seemed more luminous, his memory more prompt, his insight more penetrating, than in these latter days. On the 18th May I saw him for the last time. The massive brow, the eagle eye, the fine but powerful nose, were hardly changed, though he was wasted to a shadow. Above all, that incomparable voice which seemed to reproduce the richer tones of the cello, was still there undecayed. It seemed that with a mind so bright he could not be meant for death. But so it was.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

NOTES IN THE CANTON DE VAUD.

THE system of land transfer in the Canton de Vaud is an example of the successful working of the record of title system. The ownership of every parcel of land and all charges affecting it are matters of public record. The owner's title is not, as in the United Kingdom, doubtfully inferred from a number of deeds, of which the meaning can only be explained by the united labours of counsel and solicitor, but is entered as a fact in the public records of the state, and is always ascertainable without delay and at trifling expense.

Some account of the local divisions of the canton is necessary to the right understanding of the transfer system, which is carried out in local registry offices. The Canton de Vaud contains 1244 square miles, or about 796,000 acres. In population it ranks as the third among the twenty-two republics which compose the Swiss Confederation, Berne and Zurich being the two other cantons which have a greater number of inhabitants. Its population in 1880 was 235,349. The smallest local division, by the aggregation of which all others are formed, is the commune. There are 388 communes, which are collected into nineteen districts. These two divisions are the only ones requiring mention in connection with land transfer.

The existence and independence of the communes are recognised and guaranteed by the constitution of the canton. They are little republics, electing their own municipalities, consisting of a mayor and town council, managing freely their own affairs, subject to certain general laws; possessing all possible liberty of action so long as they do not infringe on the rights of

the canton, or fail in their civil duties. Manhood suffrage prevails in the commune, as well as in the canton. The mayor and town council are chosen by direct election in the smaller communes, and in those exceeding 600 inhabitants by a communal council of from 25 to 100 members. Most communes own large estates, chiefly forests and high pastures. These estates are managed by the mayor and town council, who appoint and pay their officers—secretary, treasurer, bailiff, and wood-rangers.

The communal revenues, derived chiefly from these estates, but in some cases also from loans and taxation, are spent on—

- Education and public worship;
- Maintenance, improvement, and management of the communal estates;
- Roads, bridges, fences and water supply;
- Police and fire prevention;
- Poor relief;
- Management;
- Sundries.

Judging from some of the smaller and poorer communes, whose accounts I was permitted to examine, the management seems not only efficient but marvellously economical. For example, the commune of Ormond Dessus has a communal income of 800*l.* a year; management expenses, comprising the salaries of treasurer, secretary, wood-rangers, and bailiff, postage, honorary payments to the mayor and councillors, amounted in 1883 only to 32*l.* The mayor, town-councillors, and their officers are all landowners, cultivating their own farms, and attending to public business on Sundays and when necessary

at other times. The treasurer's salary is 5*l.*, and the secretary's 4*l.*, a year. The constitution of the canton forbids any alienation of the communal estates, which are declared to be the property of the citizens, and their revenues applicable to local and general charges.

Apart from the communal estates, the soil of the canton is divided into and owned in extremely small parcels. Theoretically, there is no limit to the extent to which division may go; the law provides for the division of houses, both vertically and horizontally by stages, among different owners. This undeniably excessive subdivision is recognised as being sometimes very inconvenient, and where it takes place by operation of the law, upon death of an owner, is often avoided either by sale of the whole property and division of the proceeds among the persons entitled, or by one person buying up the shares of others and so preserving the property undivided. Consolidation by purchase also goes on continually. In examining the registers and plans of the commune of Ormond Dessus, I was shown one recent case where four adjoining properties had been consolidated by purchase into one of forty-five acres. The owner of this, which was high up on the mountain-side, had three other smaller properties in the valley.

Notwithstanding the occasional inconvenience, there seems to be a general feeling among the peasantry in favour of small properties and compulsory division on death. One reason always alleged is, that it gives every man a chance of getting a bit of land, and so becoming independent. This view seems to be taken also by the authorities. In one of the census reports the remark occurs—"On sait combien le morcellement du sol est en connexité avec l'indépendance des citoyens."¹

The minute division of the soil is no obstacle to its easy transfer. The machinery by which the record

of titles is kept, and transfers made, are the maps for the identification of the different parcels, and their accompanying registers. Each commune has a set of maps, or plans, of all land within its limits. These plans are drawn on different scales from $\frac{1}{2000}$ to $\frac{1}{8000}$, to suit the size of the parcels in different parts of the commune; they show all possible physical features, buildings, fences, rights of way, and the boundaries of each parcel. The plans are bound into one or more volumes as may be convenient. Each house, yard, garden, meadow, vineyard, every division natural or artificial is a separate parcel, having its own distinctive map and communal numbers. The contents of each parcel, the owner's name, its condition, whether wood, vineyard, meadow, or pasture, is written on the plan. A reference table giving these particulars for all parcels is also placed at the side of each sheet of the plans. There are seldom fences between the different properties; boundaries are marked by stones sunk in the ground, and then cut or split on the exact boundary. On the top is placed another stone appearing above ground; in case of doubt the true boundary is discovered by uncovering the split stone. Disputes about boundaries are extremely rare.

The plans are made by qualified surveyors licensed by the Government after examination and trial. The construction and renewal of the plans and their accompanying registers is the subject of a special law; the expense is distributed between the state, the commune, and the proprietors. When completed, verified, and approved of, three copies of the map are made; the original is placed in the cantonal archives; a copy is kept in the office of the director of the *cadastré*; another in the district registry office; and the third by the commune.

The following registers are made in connection with the maps, and are kept for reference in the commune; for the purposes of record and transfer

¹ *Recensement du bétail*, 1878.

in the district office ; while copies are also lodged with the director of the *cadastre* at Lausanne :—

1. The *Registre Foncier*, or register of parcels, a book in which a folio is opened for each parcel on the plan, the parcels being numbered continuously throughout each commune. This book gives the owner's name for each parcel, all the particulars from the plan, and has columns giving reference to other registers. For parcels formed by subdivision a supplemental book is opened.

2. The *Registre Cadastral*, or *Cadastre*, or ledger of owners, contains the names of all owners in the commune alphabetically arranged, with a schedule of all parcels of land in the commune belonging to each owner, their description, area, and all other particulars as given in the register of parcels. In addition the value for taxation for each parcel is given. This is the capital, not the annual value ; a difference from the English mode of assessment due to the fact of occupancy by owners being the rule and not tenancy. Values are therefore estimated from sales, and not from lettings.

From inspection of these two registers can be ascertained—(1), the ownership of any parcel ; (2), the amount, description, and value of all the property belonging to any person in the commune.

Transfers of entire properties and parcels are made by substituting the buyer's name for that of the vendor ; or in case of division of a parcel, by opening a new folio for each part and making corresponding corrections on the *cadastre*.

The columns for reference to the registers of charges, loans, &c., show whether the land has been encumbered or otherwise dealt with.

Besides the two registers of ownership there are kept in the district registry office—

1. A register of easements, temporary interests, leases, and miscellaneous charges for each commune.

2. A register of loans on land for each commune.

3. A register of judgments against land for the district.

Inscription in these registers, i.e., "registration," is the legal recognition of ownership. Charges and rights to or over land can only be created, transferred, changed, or extinguished by registration in the district office.

The plans and registers are open for inspection by all who are in any way interested. Certified extracts from the registers can be obtained, for trifling fees, for the accuracy of which the registrar is responsible ; verbal information may be given without responsibility for still smaller fees.

The district registrars are appointed by Government, are obliged to give security for 800*l.*, and are held responsible for errors in extracts, or written declarations. They appoint, subject to confirmation by the Government, their assistants and pay them. They themselves are paid by fees on each transaction. The fees vary according to the number and value of parcels involved, but are trifling in amount. The maximum charge for a declaration of freedom from encumbrances is one franc fifty centimes ; for the registration of a mortgage not exceeding 500 francs the charge is one franc. Extracts from the *cadastre*, and declarations of charges constitute the making of title, and can be obtained without professional assistance. In case of a transfer or registration of a charge, an agreement on paper is prepared by a notary who identifies the parties, and obtains the requisite registration. His charge is five francs per 1000. There are no parchments ; no need of safes for custody of owners' or clients' deeds ; no multiplication of copies, or the innumerable incidental documents that constitute "title" in the United Kingdom. The only expense of any magnitude is the state duty of 3 per cent. As nearly all properties are very small, even this duty makes the total expense on each transaction trifling in

comparison with the expenses of transfer of small plots of land in the United Kingdom.

I have before me an agreement in pursuance of which a property of 1½ acre was sold in the Canton de Vaud for 40*l*. The buyer's expenses including 3 per cent. duty amounted to 30*s*. Making title, which consisted in obtaining an extract from the cadastre, and a written certificate thereon as to the charges upon the land, would not have cost more than 2*s*. In cases of sales for similar amounts in this country, I have known the buyer's expenses to vary from 5*l*. to 20*l*., while the vendor's expenses would be incalculable. As I write I am shown a bill of costs for 39*l*. 13*s*. for the deeds of a parcel of land in Ireland which cost 420*l*. I do not want however to enter into any comparison between the two systems; the superiority of that by which transfers are quickly and certainly made at fixed charges is incontestable. The law in Vaud has what Bentham says is an essential of all good laws, viz., notoriety. Every one knows how to go about buying, selling, mortgaging, or getting any charge registered, and what the expense will be. This is due not only to the intelligibility of the law and the system of local registration, but to the fact that the head of almost every household is a landowner.

As an illustration of the wide distribution of ownership, the figures for the two adjoining communes of Aigle and Leysin may be given. Leysin, a completely rural and mountain commune, the village being the highest permanently inhabited in the Canton de Vaud, contains 797 inhabitants, of whom over 200 are proprietors owning 3760 parcels. The average size of properties is about three acres.

In Aigle, an adjoining and partly a wine-growing commune with some industrial establishments in the town, there are 4145 inhabitants, of whom 843 are landowners owning 5525 parcels. The average size of properties is about the same as in Leysin.

This includes the properties of those who are owners of houses only in the town and village. These two communes own about 4000 acres of common land, pasture and forest. It is difficult for a person, accustomed to the English system of conveyancing, to believe that land can be bought, sold and transferred absolutely without any difficulty or delay; but whether it be the sale of a few yards of land, or of a right of way or water, or the effecting of a loan, the transaction can be completed certainly, quickly and cheaply, in Vaud. If it were otherwise, small properties could scarcely continue to exist. In this country, heavy as the expenses of transfer are, they are not so calculated to make the existence of small properties impossible and to impede transfers as the uncertainty and the vexatious and incalculable delays that attend the completion of any transfer.

The construction of the plans I have referred to is expensive; though most desirable for facilitating the identification of parcels, transfer by registration can be, and is, carried on without them in some parts of Switzerland. In Valais, very few of the communes have been mapped because of the expense. In some communes of Berne there are no maps; properties are in such cases described by their local names and boundaries, and transfers are only made on the register as in Vaud.

In the communes I have mentioned, and I believe it is the same in others, land is not often offered for sale. Owners are unwilling to part with their properties, and in case of sales to prevent division on death the transaction is frequently a matter of private arrangement.

Borrowing on the security of land is a much more common operation. The facility with which loans can be registered according to their priority, the excellent security afforded by land, the absence of doubts about title, make loans easily obtainable, and invite owners to raise money in this way.

Small sums are in consequence easily obtained as loans upon this security.

A cantonal loan bank, managed partly by directors appointed by the Vaudois government, partly by directors nominated by the shareholders, employing the paid-up capital of the bank and the deposits in the state savings bank, competes with private lenders, and loans are therefore obtained at a low rate of interest. Loans are made by this bank for short or long terms of years, repayment being made in the latter case by a sinking fund varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 per cent. The bank also obtains funds by the issue of 4 per cent. debentures, and at present has about 9000 loans on land amounting to $1\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds outstanding.

When a loan is applied for, the bank can ascertain from the *cadastre* all particulars of the applicant's property, including its estimated capital value. Private inquiries are also made in the neighbourhood both as to the present value of the land and into the character and industry of the applicant.

That land in small parcels should be looked upon as good security for loans by bankers is strong evidence of the excellence of the system of transfer and registration of charges. In England and Ireland the possession of land in small parcels remains notwithstanding recent changes in the law, as Lord Brougham described it, "a luxury which a rich man may indulge in, but a ruinous extravagance in the man of small means." Sir Robert Torrens thus describes the effect of the English system on land considered as a security for a loan:—"The value of land as a basis of credit is seriously depreciated by the curiously factitious, we may say absurd procedure in the case of mortgage; the object being to hypothecate or charge the land with a sum of money as security for a loan. Instead of doing this in a straightforward and direct manner, as is done by a dozen lines in the space of fifteen minutes under registration of title,

the estate of the mortgagor is conveyed to the mortgagee by deed subject to a right of redemption."¹

In the words of the same writer, "The system of conveyancing in this kingdom is, by means of its insecurity, costliness, delays, complexities and cumbrousness, unsuited to the requirements of this commercial age, and does seriously depreciate the natural value of land."

In spite of the undoubted fact that, no matter how ample may be the value of the parcel of land in comparison with the loan, the security of a small plot of land is bad because it is only realisable at very great expense, an urgent demand is made that public money should be largely lent in Ireland on small parcels of land. Little is said, and nothing proposed² in the way of changing the law so as to make the security good by being easily realisable and transferable. This might be done by bringing land on which public money is lent, and at the moment when the title is cleared for that purpose, under a system of registration of title, and by prohibiting for such parcels the creation of entails, trusts, and such estates as would make the title complicated and not transferable at any moment.

Mr. Dix Hutton, who has given much attention to this subject, asks,³ "How can we in reason create small landowners in Ireland as a social experiment, and yet withhold the legal conditions essential for their prosperity, and even their continuance." Apart from the interests of these state-created peasant proprietors, the interest of the public whose money is to be lent, and of the Treasury as its agent, demands that the security shall be made good by being made marketable. If this were done, ordinary bankers' funds might be found available for loans upon land, and the

¹ *Transfer of Land by Registration*, p. 16.

² See "Purchase of Land (Ireland) Bill" of last session.

³ *Registration of Title a Necessity for Peasant Proprietors*.

demand upon the public purse might be lessened.

The following advertisement of an estate of less than five acres for sale will serve as an illustration of the number of parcels which may constitute one owner's property in Vaud, and of the system of identification of the different plots. The first column gives the communal number from the *Registre Foncier*; the second indicates the sheet of the communal map; the third the map number of each parcel; the last column gives the area of the parcels:—

LA VALLÉE. VENTE D'IMMEUBLES.

Le jeudi 24 juillet 1884, des 8 heures du soir, à la Croix-Fédérale, à l'Orient-de-l'Orbe, le Liquidateur de la discussion des biens de défunt Louis Auguste GOLAY, Sur le Crêt, exposera définitivement en vente, ux enchères publiques, les immeubles que la masse possède au territoire du Chenit, savoir :

Art.	Fol.	Nos.	Area.	Centi- ares.*
1939	53	39.	Les Grands-Prés du Lac, pré	30 06
1940	59	52.	A la Tâche, pré.....	17 82
1941	59	56.	Idem, pré.....	29 34
1942	61	12.	Sur le Crêt, pré.....	9 45
1943	61	16.	Idem, pré.....	17 64
1944	61	28.	Idem, pré.....	13 32
1945	61	29.	Idem, place.....	1 31
1946	61	29.	Idem, couvert de fontaine.....	0 19
1947	61	29.	Idem, logement, grange, écurie et four.....	2 06
1948	61	31.	Idem, jardin.....	1 02
1949	61	32.	Idem, pré.....	26 01
1950	62	10.	Idem, pré.....	13 14
1951	62	28.	Idem, pré.....	16 47
1952	62	29.	Idem, pré.....	19 26

* 1 are = 4 perches English; 1 centiare = 1 square yard.

In giving this sketch of the transfer system in Vaud I by no means claim that the means there used are the best possible. Once the principle is accepted the carrying it out is a question of book-keeping, and may be done in a variety of ways. In his essay on the "Transfer of Land by Registration" Sir Robert Torrens has described the success of the system in the colonies which have adopted it and has shown that it may be carried on equally well at a central registry, and without such a number of different books as are used in Vaud.

The multiplication of registry offices adds to the expense, and if high salaries were paid to the officials this expense would be insupportable. In Vaud there is a republican simplicity and resultant cheapness about the

machinery which, though admirable in some respects might in others be changed with advantage. In one district town, the centre of fifteen communes, on going to the office of the registrar of loans and charges, which has not yet been amalgamated with that of the *cadastre*, I found the books kept in open shelves in a wooden building consisting of two rooms; a young man in a blouse smoking a cigarette was in charge. He informed me that the only precaution against malicious injury being committed at night was keeping a dog in the building, which was otherwise uninhabited, but he admitted that the books would be better in some fire-proof receptacle.

As an example of the same simplicity of political life and manners, I found the mayor of a populous rural commune, who was also a member of the Cantonal Parliament, and while in office the responsible custodian of the communal maps and registers, cutting his hay at four o'clock in the morning, while his wife and children tossed and spread it; the following Sunday he presided with dignity at the ballot in the national church, on the occasion of a *plébiscite* on some financial measure which required the assent of the majority of voters in the canton. After dinner, where he showed himself a courteous and agreeable companion, he doffed his Sunday and official clothes, and in his blouse—carrying a heavy load of goods on his back, went up to his mountain farm, 4000 feet above his residence, to milk his ten cows and prepare for making cheese the next morning. The "Peasant Parliaments" of the Swiss Republics are largely composed of such men, whose qualifications to be legislators consist, not in rank, wealth, or book-learning, but in their intimate acquaintance with the circumstances and wants of their fellow-citizens, among whom they live as equals. The result, so far as may be judged by the people's contentment with their laws, is satisfactory.

To an Irishman it is a pleasing

experience to find a nation contented with and proud of their land system. The reverse seems to him the natural state of affairs. In Vaud the legal charges in connection with transfers and mortgages are trifling, and I heard no complaints of usurious interest for loans; the marketability of land and the willingness of banks to lend keeps the rate low. One of my informants recently bought two acres for 120*l.*, and borrowed the entire purchase-money from private lenders in two equal sums at $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 per cent.

Land is only to be bought at what seemed to me very high prices. Statements of prices, without an elaborate description of the land bought, do not convey much information; but I may say that I noted cases of sales at from 1000*l.* per acre for good vineyard land in favoured situations, to 10*l.* an acre for mountain pasture at a height of 5000 feet above the sea.

The decentralised system of local government due to the independence of the communes, seems to work well and economically. The fact that every one is aware of what is going on, and that every man has a vote and an interest in the good conduct of public business evidently tends to make jobs unknown, and to economical administration.

I was naturally led to draw some comparisons between the system of local government in Vaud, and the chaos of conflicting, overlapping, and costly authorities in my own country. In Vaud the commune exercises within its limit almost every possible function, and each citizen's vote influences directly the expenditure on education, public worship, roads, bridges, public fences, water supply, sanitation, and poor relief.

In the locality where I reside, as occupier and owner of three acres, I pay rates directly to four different authorities. In the election of two of these I have no voice whatever, and owing to a system of *ex-officio* membership on one board, and the practice of

co-opting members on another, my right of voting gives me but an indirect and infinitesimal influence over the others. Each of these boards has its own staff of collectors, secretaries, clerks, &c., &c. Besides these four taxing authorities, there are six others having jurisdiction within the township for other purposes which might be attended to by the local authority. Altogether there are eight authorities exercising the functions that in Vaud would be fulfilled by the commune alone. The result is that here the average citizen knows nothing, and can hope to know nothing more of local administration except the amount of rate he pays.

As a complainant on different occasions against a public wrong, I found that there was an irreconcilable difference of opinion as to which authority's duty it was to remedy it; in consequence, I cease to complain, and submit, as others do, who have had the same experience.

The expense of management by these numerous authorities is not ascertainable. The accounts of some are subject to a governmental audit, and the proceedings of some to supervision and control by the Local Government Board. This audit and control are, however, much less effectual for economy than is that of the ratepaying citizens in Vaud, or than I fancy would be that of the ratepayers here under an intelligible system and direct election of the administrative authority.

In illustration of these remarks I append the account of one of the many boards by which I am governed, whose one and only duty is that of public lighting, and the summary of the accounts of the Vaudois Commune of Laysin, which fulfils eleven different functions.

It will be seen that in the first case out of a total expenditure of 213*l.*, 89*l.* are spent in management; while in the case of the Vaudois commune the cost of a management much more complicated amounts to less than 40*l.* out of a total expenditure of 496*l.*

I.—ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING 15TH OCTOBER, 1883, OF THE TOWNSHIP
OF —.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
Dn.		£ s. d.	Cr.		£ s. d.
To Balance in Treasurer's hands on 15th			By Lighting—Gas Consumed by		
October, 1882	35	3 3	Public Lamps,		
" Rates collected and lodged	145	3 7	from March, 1882,		
" To Dog Licence Duty	0	10 1	to June, 1883 .. £59 19 6		
" Guarantee Society for the late Town			Erecting Five New		
Clerk's defalcation	100	0 0	Lamps	26	5 7
			" Extension of Mains	7	12 4
			" Lamplighter's		
			Wages... ..	24	15 0
			" Painting and Re-		
			pairing Lamps		
			and Posts, &c... ..	4	19 5
			" Carriage of Lan-		
			terns to and from		
			Store	0	15 0
					124 6 10
			" Salaries—Town Clerk		47 19 8
			" Town Hall Rent (2 years)		24 0 0
			" Local Government Board for Audit (two		
			years)		8 0 0
			" Printing, Stationery, Advertising, &c... ..		6 14 0
			" Sundries, &c.		2 1 8
					213 2 2
			" Balance in Treasurer's hands £63 6 3		
			" " Town Clerk's		
			hands	4	8 6
					67 14 9
					£280 16 11
					£280 16 11

II.—SUMMARY OF THE ACCOUNTS OF THE COMMUNE OF LEYSIN.

RECETTES.		DÉPENSES.	
	Francs.		Francs.
Chapitre I. Intérêt des créances	431 18	Chapitre I. Intérêt de la dette, impositions	
" II. Loyer des bâtiments	192 84	et assurances	788 23
" III. Revenus des domaines	5216 35	" II. Culte et instruction	2738 04
" IV. Revenus des forêts... ..	4435 00	" III. Entretien des bâtiments	277 03
" V. Recettes diverses et casuelles	1297 30	" IV. Entretien et culture des domaines	1053 26
" VI. Impôt communal... ..	—	" V. Culture et exploitation des forêts	231 60
Solde redu au Boursier deficit porte pour		" VI. Entretien des routes, chemins,	
balance... ..	927 70	ponts et digues	712 27
		" VII. Entretien des fontaines	24 50
		" VIII. Police et mesures contre incendies	500 43
		" IX. Dépenses diverses et casuelles	1773 12
		" X. Constructions et reconstructions	450 00
		" XI. Frais d'administration	988 55
		" XII. Versement dans la caisse des	
		pauvres pour combler le deficit	
		de l'année	2875 44
			Fr. 12,412 47
			Fr. 12,412 47

In connection with the latter account the following particulars may be of interest. The capital value of the communal estate is assessed at 178,134 francs, or about 7100*l*. There is also property belonging to the poor assessed at 43,262 francs, or

about 1600*l*. The accounts are well and neatly kept; they contain 309 entries, exclusive of headings and totals; the treasurer's salary is 8*l*.; the secretary's, 10*l*. The salary of the principal schoolmaster is 60*l*.

MURROUGH O'BRIEN.

STEAM, THE TYRANT.

PARADOX gives points to proverbs and pithy saws. Their truth strikes the eye because seen enlarged and brightened against a background of falsehood. Were not the moon's apparent size—about that of a crown held at arm's length—multiplied manyfold by her brightness, she would hardly impress the sight of children or the imagination of poets. So the truth of a characterisation is rendered striking and impressive by the irradiation of paradox; it would be missed if seen but in its true proportion. Allowing for the exaggeration inseparable from emphasis, no single word, I think, so fitly characterises the tendency of the present age as—concentration.

To many, doubtless, the saying seems a hard one. The diffusion of mankind is a more striking, more impressive fact than that concentration of wealth and industry which is so signal a feature of the last century. To insist on the aggregation of population seems a paradox to those who remember how within one long lifetime New Zealand and the more habitable parts of Australia have been peopled; Canada has spread from a narrow strip of seashore and river-side over an area half as large as Europe. The population of the United States, almost confined in 1784 between the Hudson, the Appalachian mountain ranges, and the Atlantic, has overflowed the entire continent; and the Pacific States are already wealthier and scarcely less populous than were a hundred years ago those of the Atlantic seaboard. Yet even in Australia and America aggregation is at least as striking as dispersal. A large proportion of the population of Victoria and New South Wales is massed in two great cities and a dozen rapidly-growing towns.

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St. Louis contains a fifth part of the population of Missouri; a fifth of the people of the Empire State are packed on Manhattan Island; Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, San Francisco, bear witness to the commercial and industrial aggregation which, in the midst of virgin forests and untilled prairies, gather masses of men around a few great centres of manufacture, mining, and trade. Much more than half the population of Great Britain is crowded into cities and towns, a dozen of which surpass in size and wealth all but the largest capitals of other countries. The races that have colonised two quarters of the world have aggregated on small areas at home as many millions as they have sent forth to clear the forest and cultivate the desert.

That the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer is the exact reverse of the truth. The aggregation of vast individual wealth in the midst of general poverty is the characteristic, not indeed of barbarism, for barbarians, chiefs and people, are all alike miserably poor, but of a low or arrested civilization, like that of ancient Egypt and modern India. Enormous palaces and temples, vast public monuments like the Pyramids, attest not less the pressure of wealth than that of poverty. They exist where the resources of the State are great but gathered in few hands, where labour is miserably paid, recklessly and unproductively lavished. When the first English adventurers were dazzled by the splendour of Indian courts, the hoarded gold and jewels of royal treasuries, the vast empire of the Moguls was probably less wealthy than the realm of Elizabeth or the Stuarts. The hand-loom weavers of Yorkshire,

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the peasants of Dorsetshire, lived in what would have seemed to the growers of coffee and silk, the weavers of Cashmere shawls and Persian carpets, incredible wealth and luxury. The same rule holds good in the comparison of ages as in that of countries. There are in Europe and America fortunes that our grandfathers would have deemed literally fabulous; ten or a dozen, perhaps, of from ten to twenty millions each. But there are thrice as many millionaires, ten times as many wealthy and incomparably more well provided families. The returns of our own income-tax are conclusive on this point. The total income subject to the tax has multiplied almost threefold in forty years. Without entering into the statistics amassed by calculators like Professor Levi, it is clear that only a few great landowners, chiefly in or near great cities, have doubled or trebled their rental; a few score of hereditary business fortunes of the first order have grown, chiefly by saving, in the same or greater proportion. But these constitute a very small fraction of the trebled income of the upper and middle classes. A much greater part of that increase belongs to families now rich whose fathers and grandfathers were well-to-do or possibly poor; the largest by far to families which, within a couple of generations, have risen from poverty to competence. In a word, the realised wealth of the country is diffused among a greater number of wealthy, a far greater number of well-to-do folk than forty or fifty years ago.

The rich doubtless are growing richer; the fortunate among the poor have grown rich or well-to-do. Are the poor poorer? Assuredly not. Money wages have risen rapidly, and on the whole steadily. The proportion of skilled labourers is constantly increasing and their remuneration rising. In manufactures paid by the piece the payment per pound of yarn, iron or coal, per yard of cloth may not be higher, may in some instances

have fallen, but the weekly earnings of the artisan have certainly increased. The use of machinery has been extended, its efficiency vastly improved, and the advantage has not fallen solely, perhaps not even chiefly to the capitalist. With the same or less labour, in the same or shorter hours, the piece-worker can turn out a much larger total, and the price, if not increased, has never been diminished in anything like the same proportion. Even that which is classed as unskilled labour is on the whole far better paid. In the neighbourhood of London and other large towns, for example, the mere labourer receives 3s. 6d. to 4s. per diem in lieu of 2s. 6d. The peasant gets 10s., 12s., or 15s. instead of 7s. or 10s. And money wages go much further than of old. Nothing except town rent, butcher's meat, and dairy produce has risen in cost. Coarse clothing, bread, sugar, tea, nearly every considerable item of expenditure in families with an income less than 40s. a week, has fallen from twenty to fifty per cent. Even meat may be had at prices quite as much or more within the reach of such families than thirty or forty years back.

Australian mutton, American beef, are literally as good as, if not better than, the home-fed or live-imported butcher's meat which prejudice has raised to such extravagant prices. Many, we may suspect, pay the exorbitant English prices for meat really raised on the ranges of New South Wales or the prairies of Texas. Most home-grown meat is *forced*: is the flesh of young animals stimulated to unnaturally rapid development. The full-grown animals of the States and Colonies, nourished on scantier herbage, have the firmer flesh, the superior flavour so highly prized in Welsh mutton and Highland venison. One article of food alone, fish, is monstrously and unnaturally dear, owing partly no doubt to its exceedingly perishable character, partly to an absurd and unrighteous monopoly, fos-

tered by arrangements which thoughtful and philanthropic men and women have striven in vain to defeat, partly to the prejudice of the poor themselves. A large popular demand might be met at prices marvellously moderate. There can be no reasonable doubt that the labouring poor, as a rule, are far better paid, more cheaply clothed, better and more cheaply fed than their fathers and grandfathers. In every sense but one they are richer. Unhappily, in great cities, and above all in London, they are, if not worse, certainly more expensively lodged. Even here, however, there is much exaggeration. The disappearance of the cellar dwellings of Liverpool and other cities bears significant testimony to the growing wealth of one of the poorer, if not, unhappily, the poorest section of the poor. Paupers are certainly better treated, better cared for, though pauperism is more strictly defined and relief more sternly and wisely regulated than of old. Unfortunately, between the lowest ranks of regular labour and the frontiers of actual pauperism or crime, there lies a large and very miserable class dependent on precarious employment, occasional charity, mendicancy, and chance pilfering—the denizens of our rookeries, the occupants of the casual wards of our workhouses. It would be rash to pronounce that these are either less or more miserable than their fathers.

One undeniable and significant fact proves beyond question that a smaller share of the fruits of productive industry falls to the capitalist. The produce is divided into three shares—the reward of capital, that of skill and enterprise (the remuneration, as French economists say, of the *entrepreneur*), and the wages of labour. The first of these shares has steadily diminished. The reward of the *entrepreneur* has not increased. Interest, the remuneration of capital as such, has been reduced by more than one-fourth in the course of a single generation. Now, as thirty years ago, 5 per cent. is the nominal,

theoretical rate of interest in this country. But whereas thirty years back few capitalists were satisfied therewith, all now are glad to accept much less as the return of capital alone, without personal labour or business risk. The interest of the best securities, that derived from consols or safe mortgages, was $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$; it is now from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$. It was easy to obtain, on security satisfactory to trustees under private settlements, with reasonable freedom of investment, from 5 to $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 per cent.; it is exceedingly difficult now to obtain more than 4. Moreover, the number of fair securities from which careful and well-informed investors could obtain, with substantial safety, a higher than the market rate, has been constantly and very rapidly reduced. American, foreign and colonial bonds used to pay from 6 to 7; they now pay 4 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Capital that shares the risks but not the labour or the fluctuations of trade, capital permanently invested in business conducted by others, can hardly obtain 5 or $5\frac{1}{2}$. In thirty years the difference between $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 per cent., more than one-fourth of the capitalist's share, has been transferred either to the labourer or the consumer; in the main probably to the former. The community gains, of course, by obtaining the service of capital, as of all mechanical aids to labour, on lower terms.

But what the consumer or the labourer has gained the capitalist has lost, and the loss falls on a class very ill able to endure it. The reader is apt to identify the interests of capital exclusively with those of wealth. Capital suggests the hoards of the banker, the ships and bales of the merchant-prince, the mills and machinery of the great manufacturer, extensive coal-mines and huge iron-foundries. The truth is that a vast proportion of the realised wealth of the country is the accumulation of personal industry and thrift—the competence, often the very inadequate

maintenance, of widows and orphans. Of 700,000,000*l.* of the National Debt, 120,000,000*l.* of local funds, at least 1000,000,000*l.* invested in railways, banks, shipping, and other great joint-stock adventures, the larger part represents the savings of the trading and professional classes, the provision of their families. It has been hardly earned and more hardly saved, to furnish the retirement of worn-out age, the mainstay of widows and daughters, the education and outfit of the sons. To hundreds of families, and unhappily to the classes against which the stream of economic tendency runs hard and steadily, the reduction of interest is a palpable and a very severe misfortune. The standard of comfort, the income necessary to maintain a family in their own station, to spare them privations which are none the less real because a stoical philosophy may call them social or sentimental, rises instead of falling. The earnings of professional and business men do not rise in anything like the same proportion. The income which men rightfully seek to bequeath to widows and children is not less but greater than twenty years back. The capital necessary to yield a given income is much larger; the earnings from which it must be saved, taking the whole of a working life, are little if any greater. The civil servant is paid at the same rate; the doctor, the solicitor, the man of business, earns perhaps a larger income, but begins to earn later in life. Say that 600*l.* a year is the minimum he can bear to leave to a wife and four daughters; twenty years back this meant 11,000*l.*, it now means 15,000*l.* His father earned 1200*l.* where he earns 1500*l.*, but began to save at thirty-two, while the son can barely make both ends meet before forty. The father had to save 11,000*l.* in twenty-eight years, the son must save 15,000*l.* in twenty. The former might lay by one-fifth of his income and retire at sixty; the latter, worn out at least as soon, must save one-third if he is to secure the same comforts for

his age, the same provision for his family. Not one man in twenty, dependent on the labour of his brain, but feels practically and cruelly the additional difficulty of providing for his own retirement, for the welfare of those dependent upon him, represented by the difference between 5½ and 4 per cent. Very generally he must be content to toil longer, to postpone or forego the hope of retirement; thus again barring the road to those younger competitors for whom he would otherwise have made room.

Industrial concentration, above all, is the rule of the age. Steam has extinguished handicrafts; and as steam power is most economically applied on the largest possible scale, its every development aggravates the general tendency to aggregation, to the concentration of business in larger and larger establishments, the extinction one after another of the smaller. Trade after trade is monopolised, not necessarily, by great capitalists, but by great capitals. In every trade the standard of necessary size, the minimum establishment that can hold its own in competition, is constantly and rapidly raised. The little men are ground out; and the littleness that dooms men to destruction waxes year by year. Of the cotton mills of last century a few here and there are standing, saved by local or other accidents, while their rivals have either grown to gigantic size or fallen into ruin. The survivors, with steam substituted for water power, with machinery twice or thrice renewed, are worked while they pay one-half or one-quarter per cent. on their cost, rather than abandon a property utterly unsaleable. The case of other textile manufactures is the same, or stronger still. Steel and iron are yet more completely the monopoly of gigantic foundries. The chemical trade was for a long time open to men of very moderate means. Recent inventions threaten to turn plant that has cost millions to waste brick and old lead. Already nothing but a trade agreement, temporary in its very na-

ture, has prevented the closure of half the factories of St. Helens and Widnes, the utter ruin of all the smaller owners. Every year the same thing happens in one or another of our minor industries. Retail trade was till lately the resource of men whose character, skill, thrift, and ambition won credit, and enabled them to dispense with large capital. The larger branches of retail trade are already superseded by co-operation, or monopolised more and more generally by vast skilfully organised establishments with which the little capitalist, however diligent, honest, and able, cannot possibly compete. They can sell at little over wholesale prices, while giving their customers all and more than all the conveniences proffered by the ordinary tradesman, except the fatal and costly convenience of long credit.

The economic gain is proportionate to the enormous waste that has till lately been the especial characteristic of retail distribution. But though economic laws are irresistible, though economic gain inevitably determines the course of industry, economy is not the sole interest of society, as wealth is not the one thing worth having. Wealth is valuable only as a means of human happiness; and the economy which contributes a little to the happiness of millions may be dearly purchased by the hardship inflicted upon tens of thousands. The "greatest happiness of the greatest number" may be a sound rule; but the *quantum* of enjoyment or suffering is a factor not less important than its extent. The concentration in which economists rejoice involves a closure of careers, a suppression of individual aspirations in the future, as well as an amount of actual loss if not ruin to numbers in the present generation, that social observers cannot leave out of account. Everywhere the field is closing more and more absolutely against the man who strives to rise, to make brains and character and energy supply the place of inherited wealth. Fifty, or even thirty years

ago, a man of exceptional ability and honesty could, by unsparing thrift, unflinching courage, and industry, hope confidently to rise from the ranks. A well-paid artisan could save enough to start at thirty, alone or with another little capitalist, in a small way of business; and could extend that business rapidly, till in middle life he could afford his children the education denied to himself, and before old age, take his place among the wealthiest and most respected citizens, the hereditary merchant or manufacturing princes of his native or adopted city. There are many such men among us now; will there be many among our children? The demand for business character, ability, and brains may be as great as ever; but the reward, if surer, is smaller, and the chances of rising to independence, competence, wealth, indefinitely fewer. Similarly, telegraphs, railways, and steam-lines, but especially the former, bringing producers and consumers within easy reach and into personal communication, the severer competition and strict economy of modern business, are grinding out the middle men of every class; diminishing their numbers, reducing their profits, curtailing their employment and withdrawing their opportunities. Thirty years ago a young man who had acquired experience, knowledge, and reputation, and perhaps saved a couple of hundreds, in the employment of a considerable mercantile or manufacturing firm, would start on his own account as a broker or other business intermediary; transacting the actual sales and purchases, mastering and conducting the details which his employers could afford to neglect, doing in his department the work of a score or more of different firms, needing little capital but the confidence of his original employers, and those with whom he had been brought into contact in their service. Commerce could afford liberal commissions; shrewdness, foresight, and diligence, secured a minor but valuable share of the

ample profits made in the long round-about passage between the original producer and the ultimate consumer. Now-a-days the steps are much fewer; one intermediary after another has been suppressed. The manufacturer buys his materials, not perhaps from the actual producer, but from his factor. Orders are sent direct by telegraph, commissions are comparatively few and scanty; and the brokers who yet remain are compelled to secure business by services which only considerable capital can afford. The business even of large and long-established firms is seriously reduced, the smaller one after another have disappeared or been absorbed; and the opportunities for new men with no capital but brains and character are yearly more and more closely contracted. The professions are crowded, competition has in many cases reduced their remuneration, generally divided the business among a greater number; and even where the heads of a profession make as much or more money than ever, the juniors are compelled to wait longer and work harder and later.

Elementary education will in another generation be almost universal; but the higher education, that which gives a start in life, grows ever costlier. Few self-educated or cheaply educated men can hope to face the examinations which afford the only entrance to careers once open to chance, favour, or birth. To gain admission to a service where he may begin with from one hundred to three hundred a year, and rise to twelve or fifteen hundred, a man must have paid to schoolmasters, tutors and crammers a capital which a generation or two back would have been a provision in case of premature death or disablement, or the foundation of a fair fortune. In one word, the doors that open to other than golden keys are ever fewer, and their locks rustier. "The individual withers, if the world is more and more." As the world consists of individuals, as it is the individual, not the world that feels, enjoys and suffers, the obstructed career, the

diminished opportunities, the disappointed ambition of innumerable individuals are a serious drawback to the economic gain of the community. It would be too much to say that intellect is less appreciated or worse paid than of old. Intellect of a special kind—inventive genius, organising power, the gifts of the engineer, the practical chemist, and the highest class of artist—are not less lucrative. Literature of many, if not the highest, kinds pays as well as or better than ever. But ordinary intellectual labour, mere educated intelligence, is worse paid because more abundant. The social traditions of a time when education was a class monopoly, a test of respectability, still prevail in a generation when education is not yet universal but common. Brain work is not only more interesting, but more fashionable than the highest skilled handicraft; and now that millions are qualified where thousands, and thousands where hundreds are wanted, the so-called professions are constantly more and more overcrowded; the price of brainwork falls as that of manual labour rises. Mere intelligence and education, character, and industry, no longer suffice to afford a man without money a reasonable chance of rising high or rising rapidly. The career is no longer open to talent; penniless friendless ability is thrown further and further behind at the start, more and more heavily weighted in the race. There seems some danger lest wealth and advancement should become, as in feudal France, the hereditary monopoly of a caste; exposed therefore to the envy and hatred which all caste privilege excites. If mere interest can do less for the stupid, interest, or capital, or high education—advantages confined to the children of well-to-do parents—are more and more indispensable to the able. Men *covet* what they may hope to win; they *grudge* what they are practically if not legally forbidden to attain. Hopeless intellect, despairing ambition, are dangerous in proportion to

the greatness of the prizes, the insuperability of the obstacles before them. The more heavily the powder is loaded, the more probable and more destructive is its explosion. Aspiring strength and courage never acquiesce in defeat. They will climb the mountain if they can; but if not, they will strive to level it.

Must this continue? How far is the aggregation of population and industry, if not of wealth, the result of permanent economic laws, how far inherent in the special agencies of the present? Organised, collective, co-operative, subdivided labour has certain natural and inalienable advantages; but certain others are equally inseparable from the personal interest, the greater zeal, the closer supervision, the less mechanical working of smaller bodies; the freer, more hopeful, more arduous and devoted industry of individual independent workers. A century ago the competition was not wholly unequal; the balance inclined in favour of aggregation; but aggregation was slow and seemed to be confined within comparatively narrow limits. The departments in which the wealth of joint stock companies more than countervailed the activity and freedom of individual management were very few; those in which independent isolated labour could hold its own against the capitalist employer, numerous and tolerably lucrative. Some forty years since, Macaulay spoke of banking as one of the *few* crafts in which associated capital could compete with individual control. If in the last hundred years the factory has swallowed up in trade after trade the independent handicraftsmen, if in production the great capitalist is crushing out the small, and associate gaining ground on individual capital, if mechanical organisation beats individual skill and genius out of the field, the change is mainly due to steam. Human muscle cannot compete with the artificial motive power denied to the individual artisan; and within wide and constantly increasing limits steam-power works more econo-

mically as the scale is enlarged. It is steam which gives to the great establishment not its sole but its main, its irresistible advantage over the small. This tendency seems inseparable from the character of the one great motive force as yet at human command. Steam can never be applied to domestic or individual use, can never be economically employed in the small workshop. But were steam superseded by a motive power, cheaper in its origin, capable of indefinite conveyance and distribution, the industrial revolution effected by steam might be met in some departments of industry by a counter-revolution restoring some of its natural advantages, some chance in the severe competition of modern life, to individual industry.

Electricity is, or rather promises to supply, such a motive force. It is not so much a power in itself as a vehicle through which the waste forces of nature may be utilised, stored, conveyed to a distance, and almost infinitely subdivided. At present, costly as it is, coal is our cheapest source of power. Observant pessimists warn us that the coal-fields of England, if not of the world, are exhaustible. The annual consumption rises so fast that should the present ratio not merely of increase, but of the increase of that increase continue, not the total but the easily accessible coal of Great Britain will be used up in a century or two, and what remains will become indefinitely dearer. There is probably exaggeration in this view, but there is much truth. From a national and economic standpoint, then, as well as in a social and personal aspect, the possibility of a substitute acquires not merely speculative but practical interest. Experiment has already shown how cheaply and easily water-power, even on the smallest scale, may, through the action of electricity, be applied to light a house and work the domestic machinery of a large establishment. One great inventor whose wealth is the creation of his genius has thus utilised a small stream at some distance from his house. The

saying that "Niagara could supply the whole North American continent with motive and locomotive force," is a familiar, if it seem a somewhat paradoxical illustration of the potential use of electricity. The waste in conversion and conveyance may be great; but what matter, if the force be derived from natural powers at present wasted in their entirety? Water power can be directly applied only on the spot. The cost of steam increases rapidly with the distance from a coal-field. Hence manufactures dependent on the former, saw mills and corn mills, for example, are gathered in villages, in the neighbourhood of water-falls, like St. Paul and Minneapolis on the one cataract of the Mississippi. Factories dependent on steam are concentrated in great cities in the immediate neighbourhood of coal mines. Electricity has already proved capable of conveying the power supplied by Nature to a considerable distance; and few electricians doubt that that distance may be indefinitely and rapidly extended. No other force can be stored. Windmills can work only while the wind blows; when the water-mill is closed the power that turns the wheel runs to waste. Converted to electricity, each turn of the sails or wheel can be made to store a given force in vessels which can be kept for an indefinite time, conveyed to any distance, applied to any purpose. A summer waterfall on the Cumbrian hills might thus be made next winter to drive a tricycle through London streets. The Rotha might be compelled to light Ambleside, to turn a sawmill in Langdale, and its waste force stored to carry the faggots cut on the fells above Windermere to light the fires of Manchester. As yet the boxes of reserved force that take their name from M. Faure are inconveniently large and cumbrous; but no one doubts that means will soon be found to store a far larger force in far smaller bulk. The smoking-room of the Junior Carlton Club was lighted for several nights from stores of this kind packed away beneath the stair-

case. The same force might just as easily have been used to turn lathes or drive a dozen sewing machines in as many different dwellings. But such stores will probably be needed chiefly to repair an accidental failure of supply, or drive independent vehicles to which no continuous supply can be furnished; tricycles, carriages or boats. To stationary and even to locomotive engines, large and small, force can be continuously supplied by wires or cables such as already light a few streets and bridges, and will soon doubtless supply the steady brilliant heatless smokeless light of the little incandescent lamps of Swan and Edison to hundreds of dwellings.

But from a social standpoint the most important characteristic of the new force-supply is its indefinite divisibility. It will presently be possible to furnish it in vast quantities to the great factories now driven by steam. It will be equally easy if not quite equally cheap to divide the same supply among scores of small workshops and hundreds of dwellings; to light lamps, drive lathes, and sewing machines, and store the boxes that may be attached at will to the tradesman's cart, the private carriage, and the tourist's tricycle. How long it may be before these are accomplished facts it would be rash indeed to predict, but even now they are much more than dreams or visions. Every one of them has been accomplished experimentally. All that remains is to perfect methods already in use; to turn to practical account, cheaply and on the great scale, means of gathering, distributing and applying the almost limitless forces of Nature, which have already been devised and tested. Nothing probably can deprive the great establishments of the essential economic advantage they derive from the co-operation, distribution, and organisation of labour. But they may not retain that absolute monopoly of motive power which has crushed out the handicrafts and domestic manufactures of former generations. The seamstress's sewing wheel, the car-

penter's lathe, will be worked as automatically and certainly, with as little human effort, as the thousand-spindle machine or the steam-hammer. Spinning and weaving will never again become as they were for three thousand years the home employment of women or individual craftsmen. The commoner, coarser, every-day fabrics will certainly continue to be turned out in quantities by the great factories. In these no single and no half dozen looms or mules could possibly compete with those that work by the hundred or thousand. But where skill and taste are paramount considerations, where each piece is to bear its separate pattern, demanding close, constant personal attention and interest, it is at least conceivable that individual independent labour may regain a footing, if it can never monopolise the field. A slender gutta-percha rope enfolding a few wires may supply to the domestic workroom a power cheaper and more convenient than that of steam. Work may be interrupted and resumed at pleasure, no longer dependent on the continuous movement of an engine whose stoppage is too slow and troublesome to occur more than once or twice a day, and furnaces whose daily extinction and relighting is a heavy deduction from the manufacturer's profit. Association will always be the most productive and economical, it need no longer be the only possible form of productive labour.

A new motive power will doubtless stimulate enormously the invention and employment of new machinery both in domestic handicrafts and for domestic service. Hitherto this direction has been almost absolutely barred to invention by the lack of artificial force. While domestic machines must be worked by human labour, their labour-saving value is necessarily so limited that there is little encouragement to devise them. When once the smallest and the largest machines alike can be worked otherwise than by the hands and feet, mechanical service of every

kind will be devolved as far and as fast as possible upon machinery. The treadle, which suits neither female health nor female strength, is the drawback of the sewing machine. Motive power once supplied, all plain sewing will be done by machinery. New machinery, as has ever been the case, will not supersede but find fresh and easier employment for human labour. Other productive work than that of the factory may, we can hope, be opened to men, and above all to women and children. Domestic service, lightened as it will be, will no longer be the only resource of hundreds and thousands of unmarried girls; no longer, let us hope, the lifelong dependence of any save those who adhere to it by preference. How far and how fast the motive force of electricity may be developed, what may be its actual and ultimate influence, what checks and difficulties may delay or limit its indefinite extension, it is impossible to foresee and vain to conjecture. But of its immediate and obvious tendencies two at least are clear and unmistakable. It promises widely, and perhaps rapidly to extend the application of machinery in every department of industrial and especially in domestic life. And its facility of distribution must *ceteris paribus* increase the resources, the possibilities of independent home work. It may exert a double check on the aggregating tendencies of the age. Its conductivity may arrest the unwholesome concentration of manufacturing industry in crowded ever growing cities, rendering the vicinity of the sources of motive power matter of comparative indifference, supplying artificial force as freely to the village as to the town. It will certainly lighten human, and especially feminine, toil; it will give the isolated worker the assistance hitherto confined to aggregated labour, and thus help him to hold or recover his ground, even if with that help his position ultimately prove untenable.

THE CAPITAL OF THE CYCLADES.

Of all the Cyclades none is so bleak and barren as Syra, yet this island possesses an attraction of her own, and a curious history of modern development; future ages will quote this little spot as the brightest specimen of activity produced by the revival of the long dormant spirit of independence in Greece. Athens has been forced into a modern existence by the necessity of having a capital somewhere. Patras has flourished because the site of that capital was foolishly through sentimentality chosen on the eastern coast, whereas the existence of Greece to-day is due to the west, and all her interests lie in the west. But the flourishing commercial centre on the island of Syra is due to the spontaneous outburst of mercantile activity incident on the recovery of freedom. Thus in many ways Hermoupolis on Syra is one of the most interesting towns of the Levant. Whatever was left of vitality in Greece after long years of depression found itself drawn to rocky, ungainly Syra.

It is an easy night from the Piræus to Syra by steamboat, and the effect of the place is curious as you peep out of your porthole on the busy harbour teeming with gay-coloured caiques and steamers from all parts of the world. It is apt to remind the traveller a little of Genoa, only Syra is almost entirely a white town, relieved now and again by a dash of yellow wash. Houses completely cover two hills one above another like the steps of a staircase, and surround the bay in the form of an amphitheatre. One hill is crowned by the mediæval town and its Latin church, the other by the modern Greek town and a Greek church. The background is formed by the rocky, bleak mountains of the

island, so barren and so treeless that one wonders if this can possibly be the spot which Homer describes thus—

“Of soil divine,
A good land, teeming with fertility,
Rich with green pastures, feeding flocks and
kine.
A fair land with streams, a land of corn and
wine.”

Od. xv. Worsley.

Even the butter consumed now-a-days at Syra is brought from Athens. In the town there are no wells; all water is brought in carts from some distance, except what each householder catches in his private tank. Little rain falls here, hence in summer the water-carts are the only means of providing a supply.

It was a brilliant November morning when I reached Syra, and everything was life and bustle around the egg-shaped harbour; all the boats were discharging cargoes just now, having run in with a favourable breeze. One highly-painted green brig with canvas bulwarks was unloading shaddocks from Naxos, and the island sailors with their blue baggy trousers, red fezes, and bare legs looked highly picturesque as they carried baskets of the freight along the plank which united the boat with the quay; another caique was discharging small round cheeses from Crete which were being arranged on long low barrows to be carried to the warehouses; another caique laden with lemons from Andros was awaiting its turn. On every boat a mongrel was barking vigorously, men chattering, and women huddled up in corners looking the picture of misery. It is marvellous to see how wretched these island women are when on the water; though they have known no other mode of progression all their lives they never

get accustomed to the sea. The colouring of Syra harbour is especially pretty. Greek sailors love colour; their boats, their sails, and their dress are gaudy. One day I was sailing from one island to another with a white sail: when we continued our voyage after three days I was surprised to find that we had a bright orange sail. "Where has this new sail come from?" I asked, knowing that they could not have bought it where we were. They laughed, and told me that during our stay they had found some red mud which gave it the desired dye.

The quay too was gay with small bucksters' shops. One man had a pile of *eikons*, or sacred pictures, wherewith to tempt the pious about to start on a voyage, pictures of St. Nicholas being most numerous on his stall, for he is the patron saint of the seafarer; another man had besoms; his neighbour sold Russian tea-bowls and large wooden spoons, whilst a third offered for sale brilliantly coloured handkerchiefs, which though made in Birmingham are particularly eastern in appearance. All amongst these stalls the water-cart was threading its way to supply the huge *amphoræ* which each householder produced as the cart went by with the daily portion. Far along the quay was the fish market with strange sights for unaccustomed eyes. Advent was soon to begin, that is the month's fast before Christmas, so there were any amount of *octopodia* in the market ready to be dried and stewed for this period. Sea urchins too and bright red pinna shells afford a substantial part of a Syriote's meal, and this morning were plentiful, besides red mullet and haddock which looked more tempting. In front of this market the boats of the Psariote and Hydriote fishermen with their wicker instead of canvas bulwarks were lying. These men are the best fishermen in the Archipelago, and if you desire to travel amongst these islands and their treacherous winds, by all means choose one of them.

Syra boasts of one or two hotels, very passable in Greece, where travellers who venture beyond the capital do not expect luxuries. We were glad enough to rest in one after the voyage, and cast about us as to how we should pass our time.

"Syra," wrote Tournefort in 1699, "is [the most Catholic island of the Archipelago," and singularly enough it is to Roman Catholicism that this spot owes its existence as a commercial centre. No one ever heard of Syra in classical times, except as a refuge for sailors. It was inhabited, it is true, and from time to time produces archaeological treasures, but it never had even the name that Andros, Naxos, or Melos had, consequently the first pages of the history of Syra begin in mediæval times when it was chosen as a centre for Roman Catholic missions in the East. Under the Latin rule in the Archipelago, Syra, doubtless owing to its good harbour and central position, recommended itself to the notice of the Capuchins, and on the top of the conical hill, which is still covered by the old town, they built a convent and a church. They were followed by the Jesuits, and from this centre they sent out missions to all the neighbouring islands with such success that under the Turks, who treated the islanders always with consideration, there were in the Cyclades almost as many of the Western as of the Eastern Church. Naxos, Santorin, Tenos, Andros, were almost subservient to the Papal See.

When corsairs and pirates disturbed them, the holy fathers of Syra made bitter complaints to the Roman Catholic powers in the west, and the end of it all was that Louis XIII. of France took Syra under his especial protection. From the convent on the hill the French flag was hung, and by this means the basis for the fortunes of Syra centuries later was laid.

From that time until the present day the Roman Catholic bishops of Syra have been elected by the Church of Rome, and from this rock they have

made a desperate attempt to convert the Eastern world to their way of thinking, but since the war of Independence Roman Catholicism has been unpopular, and will soon disappear.

Our friend Tournefort tells us of the prosperity of Syra even in his time, when only a few families lived in a cluster on the conical hill around the convent. He says he could not rest at night for the noise of the hand mills for corn, or by day for the noise of the wheels used to thread cotton with, but it was refreshing, he adds, to see the French flag flying and to hear in churches, both Greek and Latin, this chant sung, "*Domine salvum fac regem*," to which they added "*nostrum Ludovicum*."

This was the state of Syra at the beginning of the war of Independence. According to Pasch van Krienen, who was sent to the islands by the Russians with a view to annexation, the inhabitants numbered only 1000 souls about a century ago. The Turks knew them only by the name of tawshan, or hares, for whenever a Turkish ship appeared in the harbour they would run up the hills, and could nowhere be found. What a contrast is this to the state of Syra to-day, being as it is one of the busiest marts in the Levant!

The freedom of Greece introduced an entirely new era into this island, and the circumstances occurred as follows: The great massacre of Christians in Chios and Psara drove from their homes some of the bravest and most commerce-loving of the Greek-speaking world. No tragedy in history is more thrilling than the story of this massacre; unfortunately it is too near our own times for any of us to know as much about it as we do about the Sicilian Vespers, or the massacre of St. Bartholomew. However, historians of future ages will rank it with these, and it will be one of the deepest blots on the annals of the nineteenth century.

After innumerable adventures by sea and land the refugees from Chios, rich men who had been nursed in the

lap of luxury, found their way on caiques to various parts of Greece proper, where the standard of revolt had been raised, and where for a time they would be safe. Some went to Spetzia and Hydra, others further afield in search of a livelihood; but eventually all these refugees found themselves gathered around a few of the more energetic spirits on the island of Tenos. The inhabitants, whose Roman Catholic, and hence neutral, proclivities were strong, did not receive them with favour; the plague broke out amongst them; commerce could not flourish, for the harboursage was bad in Tenos; so the refugees cast about in their minds for another hospital, and after mature deliberation settled on the island of Keos, the one of the Cyclades nearest to the Saronic gulf, and the one which in all ages had been the commercial centre in the Ægean Sea, classical and mediæval times alike. So to this island a deputation was sent to make an offer for starting their commercial operations here instead of Tenos. But the magnates of Keos, to their own detriment, flatly refused this offer; they feared lest their island should be made a special mark for revenge if the war of Independence went against Greece. So Keos pusillanimously elected to lose its name as the commercial centre of the Ægean Sea.

The arrangements made between the refugees and the inhabitants of Syra will probably never be known. It is more than probable that the leaders of the revolution had something to do in persuading them to choose this place, and thereby to establish themselves on neutral ground under the French flag. All that is certain is, that the refugees left Tenos in a body, and crossing over the narrow strait that divides the two islands, took up their abode on Syra, under the protection of the banner of France.

Before Greece was free, the town of Hermoupolis began to grow on the cliffs of Syra, holding, like Noah's Ark, those that were saved from the cruelty

of the Turks—suffering Greeks from Chios, Psara, Crete, Macedonia, Smyrna, forty thousand in all found here a refuge.

At first the exiles lived in a miserable state, having huts by the shore, where now the busy quay is, in which they stored their merchandise and transacted their business, retiring to the upper town, Ano Syra as it soon was called, by night, to sleep in churches, stables, or wherever they could find a covering for their heads.

Before the arrival of the refugees, in June, 1821, Demetrios Ypselantes, one of the great heroes of the revolt, sent as his agent to the Cyclades one Themeles, to inspire the islands with the spirit which reigned on the mainland; but, with certain brilliant exceptions, such as Psara, Hydra, Spetzia, the islands were weak-minded, for the insular Greeks had for centuries had too quiet a time of it under Turkish rule to wish to endanger themselves in the popular cause, and it is universally admitted that if the Chiotas had had any pluck in them they might have avoided the massacre and proclaimed themselves free. Some of the Cyclades at first flatly refused to join. Santorin, Andros, Tenos, urged by the Roman Catholic element in them, preferred to pay double taxes to the Turkish and Greek fleets to declaring themselves on either side; and the inhabitants of Syra, advisedly perhaps, pointed to the French banner and replied that they were neutral.

It is not to be wondered at that the islands were looked upon with suspicion by their fighting comrades; but when we learn that Syra received 40,000 refugees two years later, most of them incapacitated physically from bearing arms, being women, children, halt and maimed, we cannot blame them for inactivity.

So now we find our commercial colony founded and flourishing under the French flag. If there were some hard remarks made about the Syriotes who stayed at home and practised the arts of peace during the great national

struggle, it is at all events clear that the leaders of the revolution understood the position taken up by them; and in fact the neutrality of Syra seems to have been a part of the plan of the provisional administration of the revolution, as many Syriotes afterwards let out. Many of them, though neutral, belonged to the Friendly Society (*ἡ φιλικὴ ἑταιρεία*), a secret society which was the backbone of Panhellenism, and to Syra the Generals Miaouli and Mavrocordato sent their valuables for safety during the struggle. By correspondence which has come to light since, it is evident that the refugees in Syra were not at all unmindful of their struggling fellow countrymen, and sent them frequent monetary assistance.

And all this while a town was growing up around the harbour and along the flat space between the harbour and the hill on which the old town was perched. The first two-storied house was built in 1825, and belonged to the first demarch, Petritzi by name, and it was considered a real phenomenon to look upon, for the island towns never indulge in two-storied houses as a rule, having flat roofs and ceilings made of reeds, which they cover with seaweed, and on the top place a certain kind of clay which they trample down and then roll with marble rollers. After a rainfall it is a curious sight to see the inhabitants running about on their roofs to press down the mud, and kicking along with their feet the marble roller. But Syra has long since abandoned this style, and ever since Demarch Petritzi built his two-storied house in 1825, the town has adopted the western style, and for all the world looks like a town of France or Italy.

It was in this year that Luke Ralli and others, foreseeing a future of greatness for the infant city, thought it was time to give her a name, and not allow her, like all the other islands of the Aegean Sea, to have a capital called after and frequently confounded with the island in which it was

situated. So they met together and called her Hermoupolis, the city of Hermes, for was not Hermes the protector of commerce among their ancestors? and did they not owe much to the good ship *Hermes*, which had collected together the earlier nucleus of their trade? Just before this a church had been built near the sea, the church of the Transfiguration, the outer court of which was still used as a hospital for those who were obliged to live in tents; and, situated as it was amongst wretched hovels, it was a perfect beehive, where the inhabitants could swarm and sleep if they wished. In the nave of this church the magnates of the refugees held their first public assemblies, and here it was that Luke Ralli for the first time pronounced the name of the town—Hermoupolis.

But the bulk of the colonists in Syra never intended to stay there if the war terminated favourably for Greek independence; they only intended to make of this barren rock a temporary asylum, as the Athenians had once made at Salamis; so when, in 1829, the kingdom of Greece was established, there were many projects afloat for the re-colonisation of different parts of Hellas. Perhaps if Chios had been free the result would have been different, for the leading part of the refugees were merchants from Chios, and Syra might again have sunk into oblivion; however, as the Turks still held their home, the Chiotas elected to stay in Syra, and recognised Hermoupolis in Syra as the abiding centre of Greek commerce for the future. The position was good, being in the centre of the *Ægean* Sea, in the highway of traffic to and from the East; the harbour was good, with two islands across its mouth to protect it from the south winds, but the island itself was wretched. No wonder the Chiotas sighed for their lemon and orange groves, the Cretans for their forests and olive gardens; no wonder they were anxious to get away from those brown hill-sides, where nothing save

aromatic herbs would grow, where there was not a tree to shade them or water to drink in summer. It is curious to see the results of reckless cutting down of trees here in Greece. The rains wash away the soil from the mountains and make them barren, and then there is nothing to hold the rain, which rushes off in torrents as soon as it has fallen and thereby creates a drought. But commerce is in no way dependent on land attractions, as Venice and Holland can testify, so the Greek refugees who elected to stay at Syra had no cause to regret their decision.

At first they suffered terribly from pirates in the early days of anarchy after the establishment of the kingdom. Old people in Syra will still relate to you the dread these early colonists had of one Nestor Phatzole of Cephalonia, how he seized their merchant ships, levied black mail, and scoured the Archipelago; but English, French, and Austrian ships year by year lessened the number of these marauders; and year by year, with the commerce of Western Europe passing through their hands, the Syriotes grew in prosperity and their town of Hermoupolis sprang up with the rapidity of the mushroom towns of the western hemisphere.

Knowing the history of Hermoupolis during the last sixty years, I issued forth from my hotel with my interest keenly excited to behold, for here at least all around me was the work of modern Hellas. We hear much of the failure of Greece to carry out the hopes of the revivers of the nationality, but we learn when studying the growth of Syra, that given a fair chance, the Greek of to-day will always come to the front in the mercantile world. The Powers created a kingdom out of a barren unproductive country, sparsely inhabited, and without any of the sinews of wealth; they expected this country to produce at once all the fine qualities for which their ancestors were celebrated, and were naturally disappointed.

We might as well take Cornwall and Devonshire and call it the British Empire, as consider the narrow limits of the present kingdom in any way representative of the Greek world. The most prosperous, the most intellectual of the nationality are scattered over the face of the globe, in all the great commercial centres of the world. Here at Syra we learn what they can do when the chance offers. But what chance did the Greek kingdom ever have? The government naturally fell into the hands of a few uneducated men who were returned as members for semi-barbarous villages. As of old every Greek is a politician, and for want of a clear head to guide them they fell to squabbling amongst themselves, until the Greek kingdom instead of answering the requirements of Panhellenism became a byword and a scorn. Of late years matters have looked up considerably, under the able direction of M. Tricoupis; but a journey through the islands and the outlying parts of even this little kingdom show how rotten the whole concern is. But Syra is quite different; if all the Greeks were like those of Syra there could be no question as to who should rule at Constantinople.

An excellent street, the street of Hermes, branches away from the quay, and leads into a vast square where in the evenings the inhabitants promenade to listen to the band. One side of this square is to be taken up by a large Hotel de Ville, but this edifice progresses only slowly, the town authorities are careful and only do a little now and then to it, when they have a balance in hand. Steep tortuous streets lead up one of the hills which is covered by the new town; everything is white and clean, a great contrast to a town of corresponding size in France or Italy; the drainage is excellent, and not a smell affronts the nostrils. There are plenty of churches now, none of any interest, to be sure, except that of the Transfiguration, where the assemblies were held, and where Luke Ralli stood as godfather to

this infant town, now grown to maturity.

Of course Syra is now the central point of insular Greece; here resides the nomarch of the Cyclades, who superintends the course of justice in the eight Eparchies into which the islands are divided, and these eparchs again look after the demarchs or mayors of the various towns and villages. In Hermoupolis is the jail where insular defaulters are confined; the law courts are here; in short, Syra is the modern capital of the Cyclades, whereas in the Middle Ages Naxos was the seat of government and the residence of the duke. All this is due to the refugees and their commerce.

I went to the university, which, after that of Athens has the best reputation in Greece, and there I listened to the various classes, the lessons taking for me a curious and decidedly interesting form. The pedagogues were holding forth on Herodotus, Xenophon, Plutarch, &c., and the task of the scholars seemed to me marvellously simple, namely, to turn the ancient into modern Greek, parse the words, and collect the historical points. I could not help feeling what advantages these youngsters have over us, when a boy often can read and tell the contents of Xenophon with greater ease than an Oxford don.

On a subsequent occasion I paid a visit to the Archbishop of Syra, Methodios by name, a man of great liberal culture and enlightenment, who does all he can to combat the almost heathenish beliefs of the Greek peasantry. He has a large house, and wears a fine enamel, set in diamonds, and was very friendly, telling us as we sipped our coffee, that he had seen our party returning on muleback from an expedition into the island, and added that we had called to his mind Christ's entry into Jerusalem. This is a marked feature in the Greek church; they are what we should call blasphemous.

There is, in spite of the newness of the place, a great reverence for anti-

quity in Syra, and a desire to keep up ancient associations. Some traditions are curious in the Cyclades, and busy populous Syra is not without its own. It is a common belief amongst the peasants that the ghosts of the ancient Greeks come once a year from all parts of Greece to worship at Delos, and as they pass through Syra they are purified by washing; a cliff above Hermoupolis is still called $\Delta\eta\lambda\iota$, where the country folks tell you this ablution takes place, and even to-day they will reverently speak of the "god in Delos."

They are vaguely aware too of a game called $\Delta\iota\sigma\kappa\omicron\varsigma$, and say that their ancestors used two large stone olive presses, which stand as reminiscences of ancient fertility in Syra outside a church, as quoits. How thoroughly Greek this is to believe in the superhuman strength of your ancestors; it is the same idea which generated the myths of Hercules extant to-day.

Passing on in our rambles, we came across the theatre of Apollo, than which no better theatre exists in modern Greece. Even Athens cannot boast of such. Curiously enough the piece advertised for that evening was *The Pirates*. I could not help thinking how short a time it was since the pirates had been a subject for more serious thought in Syra.

Beyond the theatre and the church is the west end of Syra, where stately mansions are built on the top of a cliff overlooking the sea. These houses of Hermoupolis, like those of Athens, rejoice in a superabundance of marble. There are very few islands of the Cycladic group which do not produce marble, and at the north end of Syra there is abundance of it. Each balcony is supported by marble lions or griffins, the steps, the facings and window cases of all the houses are of marble. A new road leading along the cliff beyond these houses forms the fashionable, evening promenade for the Syriote ladies.

Though perhaps the rapid increase of Syra is now cooling down, nevertheless it is still growing, and the

small space of waste ground between the old town and the new is rapidly giving way to a mass of houses and factories; for with a central dépôt for the Eastern Telegraph and steamers of every company calling here, Syra cannot be expected to stand still. After a stroll through the factories and a visit to the centres of artizan life there was little left to study in Hermoupolis the New, but Syra as an island, as we have seen, had a history long before its days of commerce, so to visit the various points of archæological lore we made several expeditions about the island.

Alone of the Cyclades Syra rejoices in the possession of roads, horses and carriages; not that these roads lead you very far as yet, and only one may be said to have a destination; this leads you to the harbour *delle Grazie*, where in summer time the Syriotes go to take sea-baths, and here are the remains of two ancient cities from which we can argue that the much-criticised Homer was not so far wrong when he tells us that Syra had two cities, "Twain are the cities, and an equal share in all things is to either portioned well."—*Od. xv.*

All around the bay is barren except here and there, like an oasis in the desert, the gardens of rich Syriote merchants relieve the eye. At one of these houses we were entertained hospitably by Mr. Tseylendi, and shown his garden and vineyards. On the way to *delle Grazie* we saw many of these country boxes, especially at Talanta, where money has had a veritable struggle with nature, and been fairly successful.

It is further presumptive evidence of the quondam fertility of Syra that from an inscription we gather that feasts of Dionysos with singing contests were held here, which would never have been the case had Syra produced no more wine than it does now with which to honour the god. In fact the existence of Bacchic revelry here in ancient times proves the existence of a rich vintage.

One afternoon I strolled up the hill to inspect the town of "Upper Syra," as it is now called, where the mediæval Roman Catholic settlement still exists; here everything is old world, and the inhabitants seem utterly unconcerned about the busy life in the lower town. The houses are like steps, one above the other, and the steep narrow streets, foul with refuse and tenanted by pigs, lead up spiral fashion to the convent and church of St. George, which crown the hill. From the terrace in front of the edifice a fine view is obtained over the sea dotted with Cyclades as far as the eye can reach; to the right is a brown stony valley, characteristic of Syra, and on the brow of the opposite hill a newly fledged Greek convent seems as if it looked with contempt on the Roman Catholic town, as much as to say that its reign is over. Between the Eastern and Western Church there is no kindly feeling. On my way down to the lower town I met some girls who had strolled upwards to take the air. They asked me my intention on seeing me enter a Greek church, and on my inquiring if they were Westerns or Orthodox they affirmed so eagerly that they belonged to the latter persuasion that I was constrained to question them further on their knowledge of the relation between the two creeds.

One of them, who said she was a niece of Kanarios, one of the heroes of the war of Independence, regretted loudly that shortly she was to marry a rich Roman Catholic; her principal objection being, from what I could gather, a current belief here that when a Roman Catholic has received the last sacrament and shows symptoms of recovery the priest goes back and strangles him with a rope, for after receiving the viaticum no one is permitted to live. She was a young lady of considerable sentiment, I imagine, for she carried in her hand a pretty flower which grows on the hills under the acanthus bushes, called patience by the Greeks (*ιππομονή*), "for

when I look at it," she concluded, "I feel strengthened to bear my lot patiently."

By far the most interesting expedition I made into the remote parts of Syra was a weary, long mule ride over the mountains to a spot at the north-west corner, probably the very place where ancient legend said Hercules conquered the north wind. The goal of our ride was a point called Grammata Head, from the fact that it is covered with inscriptions. A wilder bleaker ride I never had, even in the Cyclades. On leaving the town and ascending the hill of Deli we were as much out of the world as if no busy Hermoupolis existed at our feet. There was scarcely a mule track to guide us, and the rocks and stones by the way called for the exercise of all the agility our mules could display. All the way we never tired of admiring the every varying views over island and sea. Though Syra itself might be brown and arid, with occasional streaks of red from the nature of the soil, yet the halo of hazy blue islands around us, the sparkling of the sea, and the clearness of the air dispelled all feelings of gloom, and made us feel that in those days when Syra was "teeming with fertility" it must have been a paradise upon earth. No vegetation did we come across anywhere save aromatic scrub over the hill-side, and the ungainly bulbous squilla marina, a source of considerable traffic in this locality. It was the 1st of December, and the sun was very hot—what must this shadeless place be in the dog-days?

We saw hardly any signs of habitation on our way until we came to a low, whitewashed cottage, where lives, high up on the mountain top, a tottering old man ninety-five years of age. He looks after a small garden, and whenever he wants anything he walks into Hermoupolis to do his shopping. Our muleteer called him out and he came to welcome us; he was full of stories about the wonderful changes

he had seen during his long, eventful life; how he had fought for his country's liberties; how he had assisted in building the first house for the refugees down by the harbour. When we left him I asked our muleteer if people frequently lived to be so old at Syra. "Yes," was the reply, "an old woman died at 130 only a short while ago; in former years people lived so long that the aged had to be thrown down a mountain cliff which is still called Gerousi (γέρουσι)." This tradition of longevity in Syra is curious, and more especially so in connection with the slaughter of the aged. On the neighbouring island of Keos it is well known that the old and useless members of society were obliged to swallow hemlock when a certain age was reached. The Abbé della Rocca, one of the Roman Catholic brethren in Syra, writing a century ago, tells us of the same tradition existing then about the great age and general healthiness of the Syriotes. Homer gives us the following testimony—

"There in the city, void of pain and fears,
They dwell, and ever as they wax in years
Apollo coming with his silvery bow
Alms with his sister the light-feathered
spears
Against them, and the sweet life fades like
snow."

We rode on for some time after bidding adieu to our old man, and then our muleteers manifested a doubt as to the way. Luckily we came across two herdsmen who volunteered to guide us; they refreshed us with dried figs and water and were a pleasant addition to our party.

All here was stillness and solitude save for the bleating of goats and the tinkling of their bells; goat-bells interest one in Greece, they tend to show how conservative the Greeks are in preserving the customs of antiquity. A goat's bell to-day is exactly the same shape and pattern as those the victims for sacrifice used to wear in ancient days. Turkish goat-bells and Albanian goat-bells are quite different; the Greeks still keep to their

own old style. We passed close to a cave, reminding one of the habitation of a Cyclops, where 2000 sheep and goats are kept at night, which wander over the mountain side by day, and gnaw the aromatic scrub.

The herdsmen were much quainter and more entertaining than our city-born muleteers. They had not deserted the ancient simplicity of accent and phraseology which Syra presumably possessed in common with the other islands of the Ægean before she was converted into a centre of commerce. They were at first hard to understand, and made use of words which are strange to the modern tongue. The frog of a mule's foot, for example, they called the "swallow" (χελιδόνα), the word used in ancient times for the hollow of a horse's foot, because it was forked like a swallow's tail. Furthermore, ζεύγη is not the usual word for the yoke of an ox in other parts of modern Greece, and μερούπας for "birds" is excessively curious, a word anciently used to denote being gifted with the power of articulation. It is in pastoral life that words still linger which are forgotten in aught but the pages of Liddell and Scott.

After a ride of four hours we came to our destination, a long strip of marble which runs into the sea like a bird's beak, and shelters a little bay from the fury of the north wind; it is almost at the extreme northern point of the island, and was in ages long gone by a favourite resort of mariners during stormy weather. This tongue of marble is in three places covered with very neatly cut inscriptions placed on flat spaces of marble which slope down to the water's edge. Some of them are very old, but most date from the Roman and Byzantine epochs; for the most part they are prayers for good voyages, and thanksgivings for safety made by those anchoring in this little bay in time of tempest, both for themselves and their friends. These writings on rocks are found in many parts of Greece; on Meso Bounò in Santorin I saw lots of them, and like-

wise I hear they are common on the mainland. These at Syra are interesting from their diversity.

Taking the pagan ones first, we find most of them to be simply names. Mithres of Sardis is the only one which conveyed anything to our minds, for Mithres is a name found on Sardinian coins. Again we have the names of those who used this tongue of land as a point for observation (*Σκοπή τοῦ Ἀθηνοβίου τοῦ ναυκλήρου*), and various others, reminding us of the passage in Lucian which says, "It is necessary first before sailing to go to some point to observe if the wind is favourable." Then again we have epigrams in memory of friends, perhaps those who had been lost at sea; prayers for good voyages for the writers and their friends; thanks for preservation from shipwreck, principally to Asclepius; for example, "We in the Milesian ship, thank Asclepius;" and lastly, farewells to friends.

Many of these epigrams refer to a temple of Serapis, which must have stood on this point, though all traces of it have been obliterated. Doubtless here many a hecatomb has been offered to propitiate this god that he might send a favourable wind. Our herdsmen told us that lots of coins were dug up here, and forthwith proceeded to dig. In a few minutes they produced some small defaced copper coins of no value which they gave us. We next turned to consider the Christian writings which are more minute in their information about men and ships, and are written in debased Roman characters, like these in use in the Byzantine school, and such as we see in use on the outside of Byzantine churches. Most of them begin with "Lord, help us! Lord, save us! &c.," and then give the name of the suppliant, his father's name, his country, sometimes that of his ship, and occasionally, though rarely, they mention the month and year. There are about a hundred of these, affording a curious collection of names, occupations and countries; sailors, captains, one novici-

ate, deacons, a soldier, a centarch, Commander Stephen, chiliarch of Asia with his Aurarii, fellow citizens, &c., showing what a popular place of resort once was Grammata Bay, now lost almost to the world, for hardly any one in Syra has heard of it, and if he had heard of it would never think of riding four hours to see such a sight. After a hurried lunch among the epigrams, we started on our weary way back across the mountains, returning, as our herdsmen affirmed, by a somewhat shorter way close to a church called Syringa, where is a fountain of healing water which is bottled and sent abroad. A popular distych of Syra, which our companions sang, tells us that for health all that is required is "some water from Syringa, grapes from Chryse, and a sprig of Basil from Kyparyssa."

Chryse and Talanta certainly seem at present to be the only places on the island where grapes will grow, but with difficulty. Doubtless this distych is not of a very modern date and may refer to the ancient fertility. As for the basil from Kyparyssa, I never saw any; but I frequently have realised how much prized the basil is in Greece for its mystic properties. The herb which they say grew on Christ's grave is almost worshipped in the Eastern Church. On St. Basil's day women take sprigs of this plant to be blessed in church. On returning home they cast a bit on the floor of the house to secure luck for the ensuing year. They eat a bit with their household, and no sickness will attack them for a year. Another bit they put into their cupboard, and their embroideries and silken raiment will be free from the visitation of rats, mice, and moths, for the same period.

Busy, populous Hermoupolis seemed horribly worldly after this wild ride. During my rambles in the Cyclades I visited it many times, and was always glad to get out of it, savouring as it did too much of this busy age.

NEWSPAPERS AND ENGLISH: A DIALOGUE.

Garniston. What, Warnford! corrupting your style by studying a newspaper? Didn't I understand you to say that you were composing a paper to be read this evening before the Eclectic Society?

Warnford. How do you know I am not studying one of my own leaders?

G. How do *you* know that that is not exactly what I am assuming?

W. Oh! then you believe that a man whose style would not otherwise be vicious, may demoralise it by reading his own writings.

G. Many a man could have no worse model. But you know very well what I mean, Warnford. What you are reading in that newspaper is not your own writing, in the sense of being your own thoughts expressed in your own language. It is the thoughts of your political party expressed in the language of—well, in the language of your guild. I can't describe it otherwise. It is essentially a language of itself: English, of course, or at any rate for the most part, in its vocabulary; English, too, in its accident and syntax, and differing, therefore, in the first of these two respects from a "patter," and in the second from a *patois*—from the cant or *argot* of a class, on the one hand, and from the dialect of a tribe, on the other. And in both respects—but perhaps I offend you by my freedom.

W. Not at all. I am admiring the accuracy of your philological criticism. The peculiar diction of journalism has never, I think, been better described. I recognise at once the elements both of its weakness and its strength, the sources alike of its power and its limitations. All I fail to perceive is its corrupting influence. If it is neither *argot* nor *patois*, where is the mischief of using it?

G. Where? Why, my dear fellow, in the very fact on which you seem to rely. No one is the worse for possessing a knowledge of slang, or acquiring the mastery of a dialect; for neither pretends to be more than an accretion upon, or a corruption of, the language to which it belongs. It is not the medal or the token that debases a currency, it is the spurious coin—and the more mischievously in proportion to the closeness of the imitation. If the journalistic "lingo" had either a little more of the metal, or a little less of the semblance of genuine English, its enormously wide circulation in these days would no doubt do comparatively little harm.

W. Whereas?

G. Eh? what? Oh, come, Warnford, these dialectical thrustings of a naturally polite man into the corner of incivility are really in bad taste. Well, then, if you will have it—whereas its circulation produces, as it is, an effect which I could not correctly describe without comparing a most excellent man, and my very good friend, to a professional manufacturer of bad half-crowns.

W. Good. And now let me express my extreme surprise, Garniston, that a man of your independent judgment and force of character should have permitted yourself to become the mouthpiece of so false and silly a cry as that which I have now for the first time heard you echo. Have you ever really examined the grounds of the charge which you are making against the newspapers?

G. Well, of course I have not scrutinised it as jealously as though it were a tribute to their merits. You are always demanding some impossibilities of self-mortifying rigour, Warnford.

W. If you have not examined it, let me do so for you.

G. Do; and put the results of your inquiries into a "social" leader, as I understand you and your fellow-craftsmen describe every disquisition you give us on any subject at all broader or of more permanent interest than last night's Parliamentary debate, whether it be an excursion into the Philosophy of the Unconscious, or a thoughtful essay on the true method of disposing of the metropolitan sewage.

W. Well, I conceive that both are subjects with which society is more or less concerned.

G. Undoubtedly—more or less; but so, after all, it is supposed to be with politics. To divide all subjects of human interest into political and social, and to lump together as "social" all that infinite variety of matters which lie outside the range, as I say, of last night's Parliamentary debate, does strike one as a somewhat rough and ready method of classification. But perhaps you do not go so far as to maintain that journalism actually tends to promote philosophic accuracy in the use of language.

W. I don't know what I may find myself contending for when we once get fairly in dispute: it is that, I think, which constitutes one of the most pleasing features of familiar controversy, and—

G. Stop! I beg your pardon! One moment just to take down the phrase you have last let fall. All right, go on!

W. I see what is preparing for me, and I defy you. But to finish what I was saying. I do not propose to maintain, at least for the present, that journalism "tends"—I had better repeat your exact words—"to promote philosophic accuracy in the use of language." When an unfortunate gentleman is brought up on a charge of coining, the first thing for him to do is to rebut the accusation. It will be time enough for him to attempt to

show that he is a public benefactor when he has satisfied his judge that he is not a public malefactor. So here. I shall be quite content, at any rate for the present, with acquitting myself and my fellows of the charge of debasing or defacing the verbal coinage of my country without claiming to have purified or brightened it. Enough if we do not clip or alloy the money of the English tongue; it is too much to expect of us, or for us to claim for ourselves, that the coins come out of our hands with more gold in them to the ounce, and with a sharper and cleaner cut device and legend upon their face. The second position I cannot hope to establish; the first I can and will.

G. "To't" then! as our friend the Danish gravedigger says, "To't."

W. I am quite ready! What is the charge?

G. Eh! the charge! Well, upon my word I thought I had expressed it with great precision.

W. What, by a metaphor! A pretty situation if a man's life is to depend upon his accuser's possessing a just appreciation of analogy and a nice discrimination in the employment of rhetorical figures.

G. 'Ation! 'ation! 'ation! I shall have something to say about that presently.

W. With all my heart; and in the meantime I will meet your accusation in the form it took at the very opening of this colloquy. You made, or you implied, the charge against newspaper writers of corrupting the English prose style. That is a little different, of course, from the charge of debasing the English language, and as, being much the more vague, it is the easier to sustain and the harder to refute, I dare say you will prefer that form of the accusation to the other.

G. I think, if you don't mind, I should like to avail myself of both, though not, of course, at the same time.

W. I am obliged to you for that last

concession at any rate. It is by no means a common form of forbearance, I assure you.

G. Well, then, as to debasing the language—

W. Yes, as to debasing the language. I shall be happy to save you as much trouble as possible in establishing that part of your case. Allow me to read you a list of admissions which I have at various times committed to paper with a view to the discussion of this particular subject. I admit that when events “transpire,” in correct English it does not mean that they happen, and it does mean that having happened they get abroad; whereas by transpiring in newspaper English, they do not get abroad but only happen. I admit that when we call a man “reliable,” we neither strengthen nor adorn the English language, and I may here add that I have tried not to smile when I have heard, as I actually have, a purist object to the word on the ground that as long as “trustworthy” was *available* to express the idea, “reliable” could not be *indispensable*. In other words I recognise a mysterious guilt in burking the preposition “on” which does not attach to the suppression of the particles “of” and “with.” I admit further that the words—

G. There, that will do, Warnford. You need not give us the whole string of pearls. I know it is a long one. But since you admit the solecisms—

W. Ah! Unfortunate people of Soli! Do you believe they really spoke worse Greek than their neighbours—that they were really sinners against grammar above all men that dwelt in Cilicia? O Soli! O Siloam! It is the way of the world, however. Those unlucky colonists, and we unlucky journalists, are simply the “eighteen upon whom the tower fell.”

G. Oh, nonsense! You are evading the gist of the charge. The accusation against you is not that you use worse English than other people—

W. Members of Parliament, for instance. Why, they owe the only grammar they can boast of to those who have least of it to spare among ourselves. Our most indigent class contrives to give of its superfluity to the destitute senator: and out of the scanty grammatical wardrobe of the reporter is his nakedness clothed. Nay, the figure is not strong enough. The debt of the parliamentary orator to the parliamentary reporter is not for clothing alone but for surgery—for the splints upon the fractures of his sentences, and for the sutures of their gaping wounds.

G. My dear Warnford, you give yourself a vast amount of unnecessary trouble. No one has ventured upon anything so audacious as to compare the grammar of debate, or even of completed legislation, with that of the newspaper.

W. The bar, then? or the pulpit? Even in the ablest of those forensic speeches which decide the issue of a law suit how many nominatives remain “pending!” How often will the changes of heart among a congregation compare either in suddenness or completeness with the changes of construction in their preacher’s sentences!

G. You seem to forget that grammatical errors are somewhat more pardonable in spoken than in written discourse: but I repeat that the charge against you is not that newspapers use worse English—and please to observe that it is you who are now mixing up questions of syntax with those of vocabulary—than other people, but that owing to the enormous audiences whom they address daily they infect the largest of possible number of people with their own habits of inaccuracy.

W. And I have really lived to hear that parrot cry from lips so accustomed to utter sense as yours. What man capable of being so “infected,” as you call it, can have any health in him? Take the score or so of

solecisms—if there be so many—for which the newspapers have obtained currency. By whom pray among their readers are they picked up and made use of? By those who have otherwise any purity of speech to be contaminated! or by those—the uneducated—who learn more genuine words of their mother-tongue from the newspaper than from any other printed matter, and who daily commit ten times as many sins against the language and its grammar than the news paper is guilty of in a year?

G. The more ignorant the reader, the easier, of course, to corrupt him; but I am far from admitting that newspapers have not taught tricks of incorrect speech to people whom education might otherwise have enabled to avoid them.

W. Then enumerate these tricks, I beg of you, and let us see how many they amount to. Do not trust to your “transpire” and your “reliable,” and the one or two other stale examples of inaccuracies which the journalist was either not the first to commit, or has done more than any one else to expose and ridicule. Let us hear the whole list. I shall be much surprised if the number of such offences which can fairly be brought home to the newspaper-writer are found to exceed a dozen.

G. Be it so, my dear Warnford, be it so. Moreover, the charge of corrupting your vocabulary is not one on which I am personally much disposed to rely. The number of questionable additions which the language has received from the newspapers must necessarily be small: for if we except the lendings of recognised slang, the total number of such additions which have been made from any source during the present age is itself not considerable.

W. Now that last is a proposition which I should have been inclined to dispute. But proceed: I dare say I shall have an opportunity of disputing it later on.

G. I have known you go so far as to create one. I don't know, however, that I had much more to say when you interposed, except this: that the much more plausible charge against you and your fellow-penmen is that of depraving English style. I should like to hear you on that point, I confess.

W. Would you? Then you must give me something to answer. What is to “deprave” a style? What is English style? Nay, what is style itself?

G. Why stop there, my dear fellow? Pray go on. By all means let us thresh the whole matter thoroughly out. What is the origin of language? What are the causal relations and what the order of succession in time between the class-name and the concept? By what process—

W. You are wasting your satire upon me, Garniston. My question was a simple one enough from the experimental side, and not requiring any profound researches into the metaphysics of philology in order to answer it. One need not know the chemistry of either pure or muddy water to be able to say when one has been contaminated by the other. The eye will tell you that the liquid has become turbid. But I think that when you are asserting, not the fact of contamination but the process, you are bound to give some intelligible account of the pure water, and some rational description of the mud.

G. Well, there is no great difficulty in that if you will allow me to confine myself to it. But do you know I have for some unaccountable reason—

W. Some “unaccountable-for” reason you would say, if you were a reliable grammarian.

G. Conceived a strong desire to attempt the task you offer to excuse me from. I should like to define “style” in language.

W. Meaning, I suppose, the correct, the “best style”!

G. Exactly.

W. Then you believe there is only one to which that description applies?

G. You shall see. Style, then, as I should define it, consists in such a choice and collocation of words, combined with such individual structure and collective arrangement of sentences, as may, while giving the clearest, briefest, and most forcible expression to the thought, assist at the same time the most powerfully to maintain in the reader the state of feeling most appropriate to the subject-matter.

W. Allow me, my dear Garniston, to congratulate you.

G. On my definition?

W. On your wind. If I remember rightly you won the mile race in our school athletics; but I had no idea you still kept yourself in such excellent training in middle age.

G. Your ironical compliment, if you only knew it, is genuinely flattering. Length of wind is most valuable to those who have a long distance to travel, and I maintain that my definition is not to be shortened by a single stage. Choice of words and order of words we all admit to be points of first importance to style; nor less so, the arrangement of sentences. Nor will you deny that clearness, brevity, and force in the expression of thought are three qualities of equivalent necessity to whosoever lays claims to the mastery of a good style. The first suffices only for the equipment of a Parliamentary draftsman. Acts of Parliament convey their meaning clearly.

W. Do they?

G. The ideal Act of Parliament does. All legal documents express, or are supposed to express, the meaning embodied in them with clearness, and some few do so with brevity—that is without superabundance of words, but none of them study to do so with force. Of two words equally unambiguous, of two constructions equally apt, of two sentences equally short, the lawyer and the Parliament-

ary draftsman do not of design select that word which is the most telling, that construction or sentence which drives most smartly home the nail of meaning with the hammer of emphasis. And lastly, having neither of them any particular state of *feeling* in their readers—nothing but a purely intellectual condition—to take account of, neither of them are of course in the least degree solicitous about the existence of any corresponding quality in their work. It is only where to clearness, brevity, and force of expression a writer adds that tact and sensibility which keeps the tone of his diction in harmony with the feelings suggested by his thought that he becomes master, in my judgment at least, of the gift of style.

W. You say nothing of simplicity.

G. Why should I? How can the clearest and briefest expression be other than the simplest?

W. Nor of grace.

G. Fulfil the commandment I have given you and grace shall be added unto you. Grace is only symmetry and symmetry only the perfect balance and mutual adaptation of component parts. Let thought but wed itself to expression, as my canon, I believe, unites them, and grace will be born.

W. H'm: the parentage seems a little commonplace, but highly respectable. Much, however, that passes for grace in literature is not, I fear, the offspring of any lawful union whatever. However, I am extremely obliged to you for permitting me to hear your views on the subject. And now shall we resume our discussion?

G. By all means: but I am not without hopes of exhibiting a certain remote connection between what I have been saying and the matter in hand.

W. What! All that highly abstract and to my intelligence, if you will excuse its weakness, that decidedly hazy stuff about adapting the tone of the writer to the feeling of the reader—

stuff which if it had, as of course it has, meaning—

G. Thank you! Your faith is touching.

W. Can only mean that there is no such thing as style in the singular number, but as many different styles as there are differences of subject-matter.

G. And suppose that is what I mean to maintain? What if style should be, in the ultimate analysis, not an objective quality of language but a certain subjective relation between the mode of the writer as affected by his theme and an objective—

W. Exactly! What if it should be?

G. Scoff not, O professional scoffer! Even the words "objective" and "subjective" may conceal a definite meaning. Perhaps I shall put it in words less open to the jests of the irreverent if I say concretely that the writer who possesses style must possess in more or less near approach to perfection the power of fitting all varieties of matter to corresponding varieties of manner, and that the writers, great as many of them, immortal as some of them are, are nothing else—I shrink, in speaking of them, from saying nothing more—so far as regards the vehicle of expression, than magnificent mannerists. What else was Gibbon? What else was Macaulay? What else Carlyle? If fitness is a condition of excellence, what can be less excellent in their ridiculous disparity with their subject-matter than some of Gibbon's stately periods when the historian of the Roman Empire is engaged upon a mean or commonplace portion of his subject. Or what, by the same test, can be less excellent than Macaulay's jerky sentences in a passage of pure narrative; or than Carlyle's violently elliptical manner where he has a "case to state?" Give Gibbon a great event to describe, or even a "solemn creed to sap," and his constant solemnity is well enough. Give Macaulay an interesting individuality—a Tory statesman's for choice—to analyse,

and his crisp antithetic manner is the perfection of style, whatever historic truth may have to say to it, in relation to that particular subject-matter. Give Carlyle a dramatic incident to relate, or a picturesque figure to sketch, and his triumphs in the qualities of vividness and beauty will make us forget everything else in his writings that has ever repelled us, and pronounce him, here at any rate, the greatest stylist that ever lived. But except in those kinds of writing wherein each excels does style exist for any one of the three?

W. Perhaps not. You are victoriously achieving the victory which your definitions have prepared for you. Style, then, is nothing but the natural outcome of a plastic intelligence quickly responsive to every change of mood.

G. Well! Is that so very unworthy an account of it?

W. No, indeed. But I am forced to admit that it is beyond the reach of the humble writer in the newspapers. Circumstances are not so kind as to provide him with many of those changes of mood whereby alone he could test the elasticity and adaptability of his style. He is usually obliged to take the moods the gods provide.

G. Let us go back, then, by all means to a simpler matter. Let us begin with the element of simplicity itself. Will you say that your beloved newspapers—

W. *My* beloved newspapers!

G. Yes, confectioner, I repeat the word. Your beloved tarts! Come! the earlier nausea of surfeit is not perpetual, and for the materials of his trade the honest man contracts an affection above the vulgarity of relish. Will you say that your newspapers have not done much to destroy, at any rate, the simplicity of English written speech?

W. Will you say that they have?

G. I will: I do. With the proviso, of course, that I do not guarantee

the soundness of every separate count in the indictment. I will take the gravest first. You are accused of neglecting and despising the Saxon element in our language, and of displaying an undue and pedantic preference for Latin forms.

W. What *that* old friend! I know now, Garniston, why you said you would not guarantee the soundness of every separate count in the indictment. It was, indeed, a prudent precaution. I don't expect to find *you* pronouncing an educated approval of that vulgar and ignorant charge.

G. Since when has the advocate been bound to back up his professional with his private opinion? You are called upon to plead, not to cross-examine.

W. I plead, then, to the jurisdiction. I have never yet met a man of those who assume to sit in judgment on newspapers upon that charge, who was philologically qualified for a seat on the bench. I have the gravest doubts whether many of those who pretend to one are able to distinguish between a Saxon and a Latin word.

G. Oh! come, Warnford!

W. I have certainly often heard some of them descanting upon the beauties of "plain Saxon English," in what was evidently a most happy unconsciousness that one of the three words they were using, and that the shortest and simplest, was Latin.

G. Yes; that, no doubt, was unfortunate. But you hardly propose to contend, do you, that none of those who repeat this charge possess any safer test of the distinction between Saxon and Latin than these worthy admirers of plainness were content with?

W. I do not propose to commit myself to any sweeping contentions: but I verily believe that if the number of our censors who go by no other rule than that monosyllables are Saxon and polysyllables Latin or French, could be computed, the result would a little weaken the force of their censures. Did I ever tell you

of an experiment which I once tried upon one of these gentlemen with the view of ascertaining how far his zeal for Saxon English was according to knowledge?

G. No, I think not.

W. Well, it was on this wise. In illustration of the superiority of the Saxon to the Latin element in our language, I quoted to him the following imaginary extract from an essay on the subject, and invited him to note how the very style of the passage confirmed the truth of its contents. "Our English," said the supposed essayist, "shall be plain, clear, pure: we will be brief; we will be simple; we will use no long words. Yet in English of this sort there need be nothing common or vulgar. I have known it to be noble, to be even grand." My friend was delighted with this specimen of homely Saxon, as he called it—so delighted, indeed, that I had not the heart to undeceive him: and in a moment of false humanity, I did him the cruel kindness of allowing him to go away and quote it to more erudite persons as a justification of his preferences in the matter of English. "English," indeed, is one of the few words after his own heart—which it *really* contains. "Words" is another, and "nothing" is another. But you, of course, don't need to be told, that deducting what I may call the mere bolts and rivets of the sentences—the prepositions, pronouns, auxiliaries, &c.,—my piece of homely Saxon does not contain another purely Saxon word. Plain, clear, pure, simple English, as it is, there is not one other word in it which we do not either get straight from the Latin, or jointly derive, Teutonic and Latin together, from one common root.

G. Your trap was cunningly set, I grant; or would you rather I should say it was ingeniously constructed? I concede. Come, Warnford, you must allow, I think, that it is possible to weaken a phrase by translating it

from the Teutonic into the Latin, and that those who have better means of distinguishing between the two than by mere counting of syllables—though, mind, I don't altogether admit that that is so very unsafe a test in the majority of cases—are right as a rule in preferring the former to the latter.

W. They are right of course in preferring it when it *is* the stronger: and provided also that—

G. But is it not generally the stronger?

W. Wait a moment. And provided also that it satisfies your own condition of superior clearness as well as of superior force. But it is in conciliating these two requirements that the difficulty of choosing between the Teutonic and the Latin is mainly felt. Yet of this difficulty our Saxon-loving friends, who are more often men whose pleasure it is to read rather than men whose business it is to write, are sublimely unconscious. Suppose I allow that the shorter, simpler, homelier words, are usually Teutonic and not Latin, and that these words, by reason, as I believe, of certain associations which for the moment I need not stop to notice, convey the more vivid impression of the act or the thing described—what then? Vividness of presentment to the imagination is not all that language has to provide for, though doubtless it is all that many writers think about; it has to provide for accuracy of presentment to the thought. The instance you just now selected—or rather created—is one upon which no difficulty could arise; for the phrase you prefer has as much the advantage in accuracy as in vigour. None but the penniest of penny-a-liners would hesitate for an instant between “cunningly setting” and “ingeniously adjusting” a trap, not only because the former phrase more impresses the imagination, but because the latter fails even to put the mind in full possession of the thought. The artfulness of a trapper is not fully

expressed by the neutral word *ingenuity*; it is *ingenuity* directed to the capture of his prey; and while the word *ingeniously* contains no suggestion of the sinister *purpose* of his act, so the word *insidious*, had you chosen that, would have contained no adequate suggestion of its technical *quality*. But the word “cunningly” imports both. Parenthetically, however, please to remember, in abatement of your pride of Saxonism, that its moral association is not inherited but acquired. The instance you have chosen is, as I have said, an instance in which no difficulty of selection could possibly arise. And so, to do only justice to their dexterity in illustration, are most of the examples cited to prove the superiority of plain Saxon.

G. Is that so?

W. Well, is it not so? What do these gentlemen ever try their Saxon hands upon by way of showing their command of monosyllables, unless it be the description of some daily scene, the account of some most commonplace act, the expression of some most familiar thought of life—scene, act, and thought, for which the simple vocabulary of a child suffices, and which no sensible adult would think of describing in any other than the child's terms. Pass beyond the sphere of mere sensuous impression and of the most elementary processes of thought—enter that of conception, and still more that of ratiocination, and see how far your Saxon will carry you.

G. A very little way, it would indeed seem. Ratiocination is not a pretty word is it? not so neat and compact as one could wish.

W. It is certainly not a word for the waistcoat pocket. As a word four syllables shorter, I should much have preferred “reasoning”; but then, I used the longer word to illustrate my own point. Where absolute exactitude is required “reasoning” will not supply the place of “ratio-

cination." The former is both a process and a product; the latter is a process alone. Depend upon it that most of the men who protest against the use of Greek words, Latin words, and generally of every word over two syllables in places where they contend that shorter synonyms "will do," are in fact ignorant of what will "do," and what will not. They may have some taste in language as a vehicle of sense, impression and association, but they are mostly quite incapable of considering it as an instrument for the precise expression of thought. Long words in great numbers have an ugly and affected look; no man who cares for appearances in writing would string together more of them than he could help. But the high and mighty censor who strides up and down your sentences with a pen in his hand scoring out polysyllables wherever he meets them is as often as not a mere presumptuous—

G. Stop! He won't insist on any monosyllable here, I'll be bound.

W. Then I will end the sentence with *ignoramus*. As a quadrisyllable, and Latin after a fashion, it may annoy him even more than the trilateral Saxon. For no doubt he would regard "ass" as "plain" Saxon, though it isn't.

G. Well, go on. A presumptuous *ignoramus*.

W. Yes; as much so as the man who thinks that if *he* were a parliamentary draftsman or a conveyancer he could get a complex act of Parliament into a score of clauses, and a declaration of trust into as many lines. Our law, fortunately for the public, does not permit him to try his hand at condensation in the former case; in the latter case, fortunately for the lawyers, it does.

G. Your defence of the newspapers, Warnford, appears a curious one. So far as I can see it tends to show, not that they are free from the faults alleged against them, but that those faults are unavoidable. We are to un-

derstand, according to you, it seems, that the newspaper-writer is neither brief nor simple, and having to express such mightily complex ideas, cannot be expected to be either. Is that any reason, however, why his sentences should see-saw for ever, pivoted on an "and" or a "but," across the trunk of a semicolon till monotony itself cries out upon them? Is that any reason why he should never make a direct statement or a direct denial, only "venturing to believe" this, and "permitting himself to doubt" the other? Does it justify his perpetual formalities of "with reference to," "with respect to," "with regard to," "in connection with"—vile phrases, however excusable to men who seldom write "about" a subject, but only "about and about" it? And do the needs of this marvellous logical accuracy which he endeavours to compass warrant him in *always* rejecting the out-door name of a thing for that which seems to smell of the very leather of the library? in *never* preferring that word which still retains the sharpness of its stamp and milling, to the worn counter of language, as smooth, no doubt, and as polished, but as lustreless and edgeless as an old shilling?

W. Bravo, Garniston! You have actually condescended upon particulars at last, have you? The charge, it is true, is getting slightly altered. The coiner, it seems, is guilty of nothing worse than a preference for coins which have seen most service, And as to all your complaints of the monotony, the circumlocution, the "common form" of newspapers, why, faults of that kind seem hardly worth denouncing as deprivations of English style. They are traceable, one and all, to defect in the journalist's material. If the public have a fancy for huge doses of politics daily, whether there is anything fresh to say about them or not, how can those who gratify this fancy avoid these faults? How can he avoid them who

has to repeat what he has said a score of times before? and how dispense with circumlocution who has to eke out even that stale material? As to "common form," pray consider its labour-saving value, and don't forbid its use to men who have to write in a hurry.

G. I really cannot see how all this differs from confession. We both seem to agree that the style of the newspaper-writer is monotonous, cumbersome, conventional, full of unmeaning stock phrases, a foe to brevity and simplicity, unvarying in its preference of the tamer to the more spirited word. We may account for it in different manners, but we agree as to the fact; and how you can dispute, therefore, that a newspaper is one huge repertory of the vices which writers should avoid, and so a widely

circulating medium of literary demoralisation, I fail to see.

W. Suppose I were to convince you that the faults which you complain of in the newspaper are but the symptoms, exaggerated no doubt, but still unmistakable, of one of those changes which languages at certain periods of their history are bound to undergo, would you withdraw your charges then?

G. But do you really contemplate so vast an undertaking?

W. I do.

G. Then, my dear Warnford, I must really wish you good morning. Some other day—some 21st of June for choice—I should be only too delighted; but for the present I must forego the pleasure, and with your leave we will regard the present discussion as a drawn game.

H D. T.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous ? Hélas ! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure !"

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN NUTFIELD LANE.

WHEN Reynold Harding assured Miss Wilton that it made very little difference to him whether he got rid of his pupil for a day or not, he told a lie. From the moment when he heard of Guy's holiday, he had resolved in his own mind that on that day of freedom, he would see Barbara Strange.

He knew that she was staying with the Ashfords, and he had heard the Robinson girls talking about her one day after luncheon.

"That pretty little Devonshire girl finds it dull, I think," said Violet.

"Who wouldn't?" her sister exclaimed. "She has had time to hear all old Ashford's stories a dozen times before this, and they are stupid enough the first time. But how do you know she finds it dull?"

"They say she's always running about the fields looking for primroses and cowslips. I saw her when I was out riding this morning, leaning on the gate into Nutfield Lane, with her hands full of them."

"How very picturesque ! Looking into the lane for some more?"

"Or for some one to help her to carry what she'd got. I don't know what I mightn't be driven to myself, if I had to listen to old Ashford's prosing, and then go crawling out for a couple of hours boxed up in Mother Ashford's stuffy old brougham, two or three times a week. And Willy Ashford hardly ever comes, now he's engaged to that girl in Kensington."

"No," said Muriel, "and I don't know that he would mend matters much if he did. Well, perhaps some-

body with a taste for cowslips and innocence, will happen to walk along Nutfield Lane next time Miss Strange is looking over the gate. What did you think of doing this afternoon?"

They were standing in the window, and speaking low. But their voices were metallic and penetrating, and the tutor, who was watching Guy's progress through a meal, which had worn out his sisters' patience, heard every word. He had his back to the light, and the boy did not see the black full veins on his forehead.

"But I want some more tart," said Guy.

The request was granted with careless liberality.

"Is that enough?" Harding asked.

The boy eyed it. He did not think he could possibly manage any more, but he said—

"I don't know," just as a measure of precaution.

"Well, eat that first," said the other, and sat, resting his head on his hand.

He knew Nutfield Lane. It was three or four miles from the Priory ; Guy and he went that way sometimes. He remembered a gate there, with posts set close to a couple of towering elms, that arched it with their budding boughs, and thrust their roots above the trodden pathway. There was a meadow beyond, the prettiest possible background for a pretty little Devonshire girl with her hands full of cowslips. As to her looking out for any one—he would like to walk straight up to those vulgar, chattering, expensive young women, and knock their heads together. It seemed to Harding that there would be some-

thing very soothing and satisfying about such an expression of his opinion, if only it were possible! But it could not be, and he relinquished the thought with a sigh, as he had relinquished the pursuit of other unattainable joys.

"N—no, I don't want any more," said Guy, regretfully. "Only some more beer."

Harding nodded, with that absent-minded acquiescence which had endeared him to his pupil. Guy was only to him like a buzzing fly, or any other tiresome little presence, to be endured in silence, and as far as possible, ignored. But when that afternoon the boy came to him with the announcement that he should be twelve on Tuesday, and his father was going to take him somewhere for the whole day, Reynold raised his head from the exercise he was correcting, and looked at him fixedly.

"That's all right," he said, after a moment.

In that moment he had made up his mind. He wanted to see Barbara. And then? He did not know what then, but he wanted to see her.

The white spring sunshine lighted the page which Guy had scrawled and blotted, and Reynold sat with the pen between his fingers, dreaming. He would see Barbara, but he would not even attempt to think what he would do or say when they met. He had planned and schemed before, and chance had swept all his schemes away. Now he would leave it all to chance; it was enough for him to think that he would certainly see her again.

He would see her, not standing as he had seen her first, in sad autumnal scenery, not coming towards him in the pale firelit room, not walking beside him to the village, while the wind drove flights of dead leaves across the grey curtain of the sky, not as she faced him, frightened and breathless, in the quivering circle of lamplight on the stairs, not as he remembered her last of all, when she

stood beyond the boundary which he might not cross, and Mitchelhurst Place rose behind her in the light of the moon, white and dead as dry bones. It seemed to him that it must always be autumn at Mitchelhurst, with dim, short days, and gusty nights, and the chilly atmosphere laden with odours of decay. But all this was past and over, and he was going to meet Barbara in the spring. Barbara in April—all happy songs of love, all the young gladness of the year, all tender possibilities were summed up in those three words. He was startled at the sudden eagerness which escaped from his control, and throbbed and bounded within him when he resolved to see her once again. But he did not betray it outwardly, unless, perhaps, by an attempt to write his next correction with a dry pen.

He listened to Guy's excited chatter as the day drew near, and set out with him to carry the invitation to Bob Wilton, in a mood, which, on the surface, was one of apathetic patience. Nothing he could do would hasten the arrival of Tuesday, but nevertheless it was coming. When the two boys went off to the stables together, he waited. He might as well wait in the Wiltons' sunny drawing-room as anywhere else. And when some one entered by the further door and began to play, he listened, not ill pleased. He had no ear for music, but the defect was purely physical, and except for that hindrance he might have loved it. As it was he could not appreciate the meaning of what was played beyond the curtain, nor could he recognise the skill and delicacy with which it was rendered. To him it was only a bright, formless ripple of sound, gliding vaguely by, till suddenly Barbara's tune, rounded and clear and silver sweet, awoke him from his reverie.

For a moment he sat breathless with wonder. Only a dull memory of her music had stayed with him, a kind of tuneless beating of its measure, and the living notes, melodiously

full, pursued that poor ghost through his heart and brain. His pulses throbbed as if the girl herself were close at hand. Then he rose, and softly stepped across the room. Who was it who was playing Barbara's tune? Who but the man who had played it to Barbara?

Considered as a piece of reasoning this was weak. Anybody would have told him the name of the composer, and could have assured him that dozens and scores of men might play the thing. Barbara might have heard it on a barrel organ! But Harding's thoughts went straight to the one man who had left music lying about at Mitchelhurst with his name, "Adrian Scarlett," written on it. Barbara's tune jangled wildly in his ears; she had learnt it from this man, or she had taught it to him.

Thus it happened that Adrian looked up from his playing, and saw the picture in the mirror, the face that followed him with its intent and hostile gaze. And Reynold, standing apart and motionless, watched the musician, and noted his air of careless ease and mastery, the smile which lingered on his lips, and the way in which he threw back his head and let his glances rove, though of course he did not know that all these things were a little accentuated by Adrian's self-consciousness under his scrutiny. He was sure, even before a word had been uttered, that this was the man whose name had haunted him at Mitchelhurst, and who won Mr. Pryor's heart by singing at his penny reading. To Reynold, standing in the shadow, Scarlett was the type of the conquering young hero, swaggering a little in the consciousness of his popularity and his facile triumphs.

To some extent he wronged Adrian, and on one point Adrian wronged him. He believed that Harding had exulted in the idea of putting him on the wrong scent with his "Sandmoor near Ilfracombe." But in point of fact Harding had given the address with real reluctance. He had been asked

where the Stranges lived, and had told the truth. To have supplemented it with information as to Barbara's whereabouts would have been to assume a knowledge of Scarlett's meaning in asking the question, a thing intolerable and impossible. Yet Harding's morbid pride was galled by his unwilling deceit, and he wished that the subject had never been mentioned. He had no doubt that his rival would go to Sandmoor, but he did not exult in the thought of the disappointment that awaited him there.

Still, when Tuesday came it undoubtedly was a satisfaction to feel that the express was carrying Mr. Scarlett further and further from the gate which led into Nutfield Lane. Otherwise the day was of but doubtful promise, its blue blotted with rain-clouds, which Guy Robinson regarded as a personal injury. It brightened, however, after the birthday party had started, and Reynold set out on his rather vague errand, under skies which shone and threatened in the most orthodox April fashion. The heavens might have laid a wager that they would show a dozen different faces in the hour, from watery sadness to glittering joy. It was hardly a day on which Mrs. Ashford would care to creep out in her brougham, but a little Devonshire girl, tired of a dull house, might very well face it with an umbrella and her second best hat.

Harding made sure that she would. If she failed to do so he had no scheme ready. He did not know the Ashfords, and to go up to their house and ask for Miss Strange could lead, at the best, to nothing but a formal interview under the eyes of an old lady who would consider his visit an impertinence. But Barbara would come! It was surely time that his luck should turn. When the hazard of the die has been against us a dozen times we are apt to have an irrational conviction that our chance must come with the next throw, and Harding strolled round the Ashfords' place, questioning only how, and how soon, she would

appear. To see her once—it was so little that he asked!—to see her, and to hold her hand for a moment in his own, and to make her look up at him, straight into his eyes. And if she had the fancy still, as he somehow thought she had, to hear him say that he forgave her, why, he would say it. As if he had ever blamed her for the little forgetfulness which had ended all his hopes of fortune! And yet, if Barbara could have known how near that fortune had been! The old man's health had failed suddenly during the winter, the great inheritance was about to fall in, and Reynold would have been a partner and his own master within a few months from his decision. "Well," he said to himself as he leant on the gate in Nutfield Lane, "and even so, what harm has she done? Was I not going to say No before I saw her? And if she persuaded me to write the Yes which turned to No at the bottom of her apron pocket, am I to complain of her for that?"

He thought that he would ask her for a flower, a leaf, or a budding twig from the hedge, just by way of remembrance. At present he had none, except the unopened letter which she had given back to him in his lodgings at Mitchelhurst.

The day grew fairer as it passed. Though a couple of sparkling showers, which filled the sunlit air with the quick flashing of falling drops, drove him once and again for shelter to a haystack in a neighbouring meadow, the blue field overhead widened little by little, and shone through the tracery of leafless boughs. He felt his spirits rising almost in spite of himself. He came back, after the second shower, by the field path to the lane, and was in the act of getting over the gate when he heard steps coming quickly towards him. Not Barbara's, they were from the opposite direction. He sprang hastily down, and found himself face to face with Mr. Adrian Scarlett, who was humming a tune.

Reynold drew a long breath, and stood as if he were turned to stone.

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Adrian was only mortal, he lifted his hat, and smiled his greeting, with a look in his grey-blue eyes which said as plainly as possible, "*Didn't you think I was at Sandmoor?*" and then walked on towards the Ashfords' house, where he had been to the tennis party two years before. He would be very welcome there. And if he should chance to meet Barbara by the way, he knew very well what he was going to say to her. But a moment later he felt a touch of pity for the luckless fellow who had not outwitted him after all. "Poor devil!" he said, as he had said the day before.

The epithet, which, like many another, is flung about inappropriately enough, hit the mark for once. Reynold stood, pale and dumb, choked with bitter hate, but helpless and hopeless enough for pity. He would do no more with hate than he had done with love. He knew it, and presently he turned and walked drearily away. He did not want to see Barbara when she had met Adrian Scarlett. He had meant to see her *first*, to end his unlucky little love-story with a few gentle words, to hold her hand for a moment, and then to step aside and leave her free to go her way. What harm would there have been? But this man, who was to have everything, had balked him even in this. She would not care for his pardon now, and perhaps it would hardly have been worth taking. If one is compelled to own one's forgiveness superfluous it is difficult to keep it sweet.

So he did not see Barbara when, a little later, she came up Nutfield Lane by Scarlett's side. They stopped by the gate, and leant on it. Barbara had no flowers in her hands, but it seemed to her that all the country side was blossoming.

She looked a little older than when Adrian had bidden her his mute farewell at Mitchelhurst. The expression of her face was at once quickened and deepened, her horizon was enlarged, though the gaze which questioned it was as innocent as ever. But her

dark eyes kept a memory of the proud patience with which she had waited through the winter. There had been times when her faith in the *Clergy List* had been shaken, and she had doubted whether Adrian would ever consult its pages, and find out where her father lived. She did not blame him: he was free as air; yet those had been moments of almost unbearable loneliness. She never spoke of him to anybody; to have been joked and pitied by Louisa and Hetty would have been hateful to her. She thought of him continually, and dreamed of him sometimes. But there was only a limited satisfaction in dreaming of Adrian Scarlett; he was apt to be placed in absurdly topsy-turvy circumstances, and to behave unaccountably. Barbara felt, regretfully, that a girl who was parted from such a lover should have dreamed in a loftier manner. She was ashamed of herself, although she knew she could not help it. Now, however, there was no need to trouble herself about dreams or clergy lists; Adrian was leaning on the gate by her side.

"What you must have thought of me!" he was saying. "Never to take the least notice of your uncle's death! I can't think how I missed hearing of it."

"It was in the *Times* and some of the other papers," said Barbara.

The melancholy little announcement had seemed to her a sort of appeal to her absent lover.

"I never saw it. I was—busy just then," he explained with a little hesitation. "I suppose I didn't look at the papers. I have been fancying you at Mitchelhurst all the time, and promising myself that I would go back there, and find you where I found you first."

Barbara did not speak; she leaned back and looked up at him with a smile. Adrian's answering gaze held hers as if it enfolded it.

"I *might* have written," he said, "or inquired—I might have done *something*, at any rate! I can't think

how it was I didn't! But I'd got it into my head that I wanted to get those poems of mine out—wanted to go back to you with my volume in my hand, and show you the dedication. I was waiting for that—I never thought—"

"Yes," said the girl with breathless admiration and approval. "And are they finished now?"

"Confound the poems!" cried Adrian with an amazed, remorseful laugh. A stronger word had been on his lips. "Don't talk of them, Barbara! To think that I neglected you while I was polishing those idiotic rhymes, and that you think it was all right and proper! Oh, my dear, if you tried for a week you couldn't make me feel smaller! If—if anything had happened to you, and I had been left with my trumpery verses—"

"You shall not call them that! Don't talk so!"

"Well, suppose you had got tired of waiting, and had come across some better fellow. There was time enough, and it would have served me right."

"I don't know about serving you right, but there wouldn't have been time for me to get tired of waiting," said Barbara, and added more softly, "not if it had been all my life."

"Listen to that!" Adrian answered, leaning backward, with his elbows on the gate. "All her life—for me!"

His quick fancy sketched that life: first the passionate eagerness, throbbing, hoping, trusting, despairing; then submission to the inevitable, the gradual extinction of expectation as time went on; and finally the dimness and placidity of old age, satisfied to worship a pathetic memory. Hardly love, rather love's ghost, that shadowy sentiment, cut off from the strong actual existence of men and women, and thinly nourished on recollections, and fragments of mild verse. Scarlett turned away, as from a book of dried flowers, to Barbara.

"What did you think of me?" he

said, still dwelling on the same thought. "Never one word!"

"Well, I felt as if there were a word—at least, a kind of a word—once," she said. "I went with Louisa to the dentist last February—it was Valentine's Day—she wanted a tooth taken out. There were some books and papers lying about in the waiting-room. One of them was an old Christmas number, with something of yours in it. Do you remember?"

"N—no," said Scarlett doubtfully.

"Oh, don't say it wasn't yours! A little poem—it had your name at the end. There can't be *another*, surely," said Barbara, with a touch of resentment at the idea. "There were two illustrations, but I didn't care much for them: I didn't think they were good enough. I read the poem over and over. I did so hope I should recollect it all; but he was ready for Louisa before I had time to learn it properly, and our name was called. It was a very bad tooth, and Louisa had gas, you know. I was obliged to go. I am so slow at learning by heart. Louisa would have known it all in half the time; but I did wish I could have had just one minute more."

Tell me what it was," Adrian said.

"*My love loves me*," Barbara began in a timid voice.

"Oh—that! Yes, I remember now. The man who edits that magazine is a friend of mine, and he asked me for some little thing for his Christmas number. If I had thought you would have cared I could have sent it to you."

Her eyes shone with grateful happiness.

"But I didn't," said Adrian. "I didn't do anything. Well, go on, Barbara, tell me how much you remembered."

Barbara paused a moment, looking back to the open page on the dentist's green tablecloth. As she spoke she could see poor Louisa, awaiting her summons with a resigned and swollen face, an old gentleman examining a

picture in the *Illustrated London News* through his eyeglass, and a lady apprehensively turning the pages of the dentist's pamphlet, *On Diseases of the Teeth and Gums*. Outside, the rain was streaming down the window panes. Barbara recalled all this with Adrian's verses.

"*My love loves me. Then wherefore care
For rain or shine, for foul or fair?*

My love loves me.

*My daylight hours are golden wine,
And all the happy stars are mine,
My love loves me!*"

"*Love flies away*," she began more doubtfully, and looked at Adrian, who took it up.

"*Love flies away, and summer mirth
Lies cold and grey upon the earth,
Love flies away.*

*The sun has set, no more to rise,
And far, beneath the shrouded skies,
Love flies away.*"

"Yes!" cried Barbara, "that's it! I had forgotten those last lines—how stupid of me!"

"Not at all," said Adrian. "You remembered all that concerned you, the rest was quite superfluous."

"Oh but how I did try to remember the end!" she continued pensively. "It haunted me. If I had only had a minute more! But all the same I felt as if I had had something of a message from you that day. It was my valentine, wasn't it?"

Scarlett's eyes, with a look half whimsical, half touched with tender melancholy, met hers.

"I wish we were worth a little more—my poems and I!" said she. "I wish I were a hero, and had written an epic. Yes, by Jove! an epic in twelve books."

"Oh, not for me!" cried Barbara.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VERSE OF AN OLD SONG.

"ADRIAN!"

The name was uttered with just a hint of hesitating appeal.

"At your service," Scarlett answered.

swered promptly. He had a bit of paper before him, and was pencilling an initial letter to be embroidered on Barbara's handkerchiefs.

"Adrian, did you hear that Mr. Harding—you know whom I mean—was ill?"

"Yes, I did hear something about it." He put his head on one side and looked critically at his work. "Is it anything serious?"

"Yes," said Barbara. "I'm afraid it is."

"Poor fellow! I'm very sorry. How the days do shorten, don't they?"

"Yes," said Barbara again. "They spoke as if he were going to—die."

"Really? I'm sorry for that. It is strange," Adrian continued, putting in a stroke very delicately, "but one of the Wilton girls used always to say he looked like it. I think it was Molly."

Barbara sighed but did not speak.

"Let's see," said Adrian, "he left the Robinsons—what happened? Didn't the boy get drowned?"

"No!" scornfully; "he fell into the water, but somebody fished him out."

"Not Harding?"

"No, somebody else. Mr. Harding went in, but he couldn't swim, and he didn't reach Guy. But he got a chill—it seems that was the beginning of it all."

Scarlett leant back in his chair, twirling the pencil between his fingers and looking at Barbara, whose eyes were fixed upon the rug. They were alone in the drawing-room of a house in Kensington. Their wedding was to be in about six weeks' time, and Barbara was staying for a fortnight with an aunt who had undertaken to help her in her shopping—a delightful aunt who paid bills, and who liked a quiet nap in the afternoon. Adrian sometimes went out with them, and always showed great respect for the good lady's slumbers.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "and where is Mr. Harding now?"

"At his mother's. She lives at Westbourne Park."

"Westbourne Park," Scarlett repeated. "By Jove, that's a change from Mitchelhurst! A nice healthy neighbourhood, and convenient for Whiteley's, I suppose; but *what* a change! I say, Barbara, how do you happen to know so much about the Hardings?"

"Adrian!"

And again she seemed to appeal and hesitate in the mere utterance of his name. She crossed the room, and touched his shoulder with her left hand, which had a ring shining on it—a single emerald, a point of lucid colour on her slim finger.

"Adrian, I wanted to ask you, would there be any harm if——"

"No," said Adrian gravely, "no harm at all. Not the slightest. Certainly not."

He took her other hand in his. She looked doubtfully at him.

"What do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean, Barbara?"

"I wanted to go to the door and ask how he is—that's all. I feel as if I shouldn't like to go away without a word. We didn't part quite good friends, you know. And last year he was making his plans, and now we are making ours, and he—— Oh, Adrian, why is life so sad? And yet I never thought I *could* be as happy as I am now."

"It's rather mixed, isn't it?" he said, smiling up at her, and he drew her hand to his lips. Barbara's eyes were full of tears. To hide them, she stooped quickly and touched his hair with a fleeting kiss.

"By all means go and ask after your friend before you leave town," said Adrian. "Let us hope he isn't as bad as they think."

"He is," said the girl.

Long before this she had told Adrian about her night adventure at Mitchelhurst. She had been perfectly frank about it, and yet she sometimes doubted her own confession. It seemed so little when she spoke of it to him, so un-

important, so empty of all meaning. Could it be that, and only that, which had troubled her so strangely? He had smiled as he listened, and had put it aside. "I don't suppose you did very much harm," he said, "but any one with half an eye could see that he wasn't the kind of fellow to take things easily. Poor Barbara!" She stood now with something of the same perplexity on her brow; the thought of Reynold Harding always perplexed her.

There was a brief silence, during which she abandoned her hands to Adrian's clasp, and felt his touch run through her, from sensitive finger tips to her very heart. Then she spoke quickly, yet half unwillingly, "Very well then, I shall go."

"You wish it?" Adrian exclaimed, swift to detect every shade of meaning in her voice. "Because, if not, there is no reason why you should. If you hadn't said just now you wanted to go——"

She drew one hand away and turned a little aside. "I know," she said, "I did say it. Really and truly I don't want to go; it makes me uncomfortable to think about him, but I want to have been."

"Get it over then. Ask, and come away as quickly as you can."

"To-morrow?" said Barbara. "I thought, perhaps, as aunt was not going with us about those photograph frames, that to-morrow might do. I couldn't go with aunt."

"You have thought of everything. Go on."

"You might put me into a cab after we leave the shop," she continued. "I think that would be best. I would go and just inquire, and then come straight on here. I don't want to explain to anybody, and if you say it is all right——"

"Why, it is all right, of course. That's settled then," said Adrian.

The next day was dreary even for late November. Adrian and Barbara passed through the frame-maker's door into an outer gloom, chilly and acrid

with a touch of fog, and variegated with slowly-descending black. Everything was dirty and damp. There were gas-lights in the shop windows of a dim tawny yellow.

Scarlett looked right and left at the sodden street and then upward in the direction of the sky. "This isn't very nice," he said; "hadn't we better go straight home?"

"No—please!" Barbara entreated. "We have filled up to-morrow and the next day, and aunt has asked some people to afternoon tea on Saturday."

"All right; it may be better when we get to Westbourne Park. I'll go a bit of the way with you."

He looked for a cab. Barbara waited passively by his side, gazing straight before her. She had never looked prettier than she did at that moment, standing on the muddy step in the midst of the universal dinginess. Excitement had given tension and brilliancy to her face, she was flushed and warm in her wrappings of dark fur, and above the rose-red of her cheeks her eyes were shining like stars. "Here we are!" said Scarlett, as he hailed a loitering hansom.

They drove northward, passing rows of shops, all blurred and glistening in the foggy air, and wide, muddy crossings, where people started back at the driver's hoarse shout. Scarlett, with Barbara's hand in his, watched the long procession of figures on the pavement—dusky figures which looked like marionettes, going mechanically and ceaselessly on their way. To the young man, driving by at his ease, their measured movements had an air of ineffectual toil; they were on the treadmill, they hurried for ever, and were always left behind. Looking at them he thought of the myriads in the rear, stepping onward, stepping continually. If they had really been marionettes! But the droll thing was that each figure had a history; there was a world-picture in every one of those little, jogging heads.

Presently the shops became scarce,

the procession on the pavement grew scattered and thin. They were driving up long, dim streets of stuccoed houses. They passed a square or two where trees, black and bare, rose above shadowy masses of evergreens all pent together within iron railings. One might have fancied that the poor things had strayed into the smoky wilderness, and been impounded in that melancholy place.

"We must be almost there," said Adrian at last, when they had turned into a cross street where the plastered fronts were lower and shabbier. He put the question to the cabman.

"Next turning but one, sir," was the answer.

"Then I'll get out here," said Scarlett.

Barbara murmured a word of farewell, but she felt that it was best. She always thought of Reynold Harding as the unhappiest man she knew, and she could not have driven up to his door to flaunt her great happiness before his eyes. She leant forward quickly, and caught a glimpse of that dear happiness of hers on the side walk, smiling and waving a farewell, the one bright and pleasant thing to look upon in the grey foulness of the afternoon.

A turning—then it was very near indeed! Another dull row of houses, each with its portico and little flight of steps. Here and there was a glimmer of gas-light in the basement windows. Then another corner and they were in the very street, and going more slowly as the driver tried to make out the numbers on the doors. At that moment it suddenly occurred to Miss Strange that her errand was altogether absurd and impossible. She was seized with an overpowering paroxysm of shyness. Her heart stood still, and then began to throb with labouring strokes. Why had she ever come?

Had it depended on herself alone she would certainly have turned round and gone home, but the cab stopped with a jerk opposite one of

the stuccoed houses, and there was an evident expectation that she would get out and knock at the door. What would the cabman think of her if she refused, and what could she say to Adrian after all the fuss she had made? Well, perhaps she could face Adrian, who always understood. But the cabman! She alighted and went miserably up the steps.

A servant answered her knock, and stood waiting. Between the maid and the man Barbara plucked up a desperate courage, and asked if Mrs. Harding was at home. She was.

"How is Mr. Harding to-day?" inquired Barbara, hesitating on the threshold.

"Much as usual, thank you, miss," the girl replied. "Won't you step in?"

She obeyed. After all, as she reflected, she need only stay a few minutes, and to go away with merely the formal inquiry, made and answered at the door, would be unsatisfactory. Mr. Harding might never hear that she had called. She followed the maid into a vacant sitting-room, and gave her a card to take to her mistress. The colour rushed to her very forehead as she opened the case. Her Uncle Hayes had had her cards printed with *Mitchelhurst Place* in the corner, and though, on coming to Kensington, she had drawn her pen through it, and written her aunt's address instead, it was plain enough to see. How would a Rothwell like to read *Mitchelhurst Place* on a stranger's card? She felt that she was a miserable little upstart.

Mrs. Harding did not come immediately, and Barbara as she waited was reminded of the dentist's room at Ilfracombe. "It's just like it," she said to herself, "and I can't have gas, so it's worse, really. And she hasn't got as many books either." This brought back a memory, and her lips and eyes began to smile—

"My love loves me. Then wherefore care
For rain or shine, for foul or fair?
My love loves me."

But the smile was soon followed by a sigh.

The door opened and Mrs. Harding came in. To Barbara, still in her teens, Reynold's mother was necessarily an old woman, but she recognised her beauty almost in spite of herself, and stood amazed. Mrs. Harding wore black, and it was rather shabby black, but she had the air of a great lady, and her visitor, in her presence, was a shy blushing child. She apologised for her delay, and the apology was a condescension.

"You don't know me," said the girl in timid haste, "but I know Mr. Harding a little, and I thought I would call."

"Oh, yes," said Kate, "I know you by name, Miss Strange. My son was indebted to Mr. Hayes for an invitation to Mitchelhurst Place last autumn."

"I'm sure we were very glad," Barbara began, and then stopped confusedly, remembering that they had turned Mr. Reynold Harding out of the house before his visit was over. The situation was embarrassing. "I wish we could have made it pleasanter for him," she said, and blushed more furiously than ever.

"Have made Mitchelhurst pleasanter?" Mrs. Harding repeated. "Thank you, you are very kind. I believe he had a great wish to see the Place."

"It's a fine old house," said Barbara, conversationally. "I have left it now."

"So I supposed. I was sorry to see in the paper that Mr. Hayes was dead. I remember him very well, five-and-twenty or thirty years ago."

"I am going abroad," the girl continued. "I—I don't exactly know how long we shall be away. I am going to be married. But they told me Mr. Harding was ill—I hope it is not serious? I thought, as I was near, that I should like to ask before I went."

Mrs. Harding considered her with suddenly awakened attention. "He is very ill," she said, briefly. "You know what is the matter with him?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"He was not very strong as a boy. At one time he seemed better, but it was only for a time."

"I'm very sorry," said Barbara, standing up. "Please tell him I came to ask how he was before I went."

Mrs. Harding rose too, and looked straight into her visitor's eyes. "Would you like to see him?"

"I don't know," the girl faltered. "I'm not sure he would care to see me. If he would—"

Mrs. Harding interrupted her, "Excuse me a moment," and vanished.

Barbara, left alone, stood confounded. She was taken by surprise, and yet she was conscious that to see Reynold Harding was what she had really been hoping and dreading from the first. Some one moved overhead. Perhaps he would say "No," in that harsh, sudden voice of his. Well, then, she would escape from this house, which was like a prison to her, and go back to Adrian, knowing that she had done all she could. Perhaps he would laugh, and say "Yes."

She listened with strained attention. A chair was moved, a fire was stirred, a door was closed. Then her hostess reappeared. "Will you come this way?" she said.

Barbara obeyed without a word. The matter was taken out of her hands, and nothing but submission was possible. The grey dusk was gathering on the stairs, and through a tall window, rimmed with squares of red and blue, rose a view of roofs and chimneys half drowned in fog. Barbara passed onward and upward, went mutely through a door which was opened for her, and saw Reynold Harding sitting by the fire. He lifted his face and looked at her. In an instant there flashed into her memory a verse of the old song of *Barbara Allen*, sung to her as a child for her name's sake:—

*"Slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when there she came,
'Young man, I think you're dying.'"*

The words, which she had sung to herself many a time, taking pleasure in their grotesque simplicity, presented themselves now with such sudden and ghastly directness, that a cold damp broke out on her forehead. She set her teeth fast, fearing that Barbara's speech would force its way through her lips with an outburst of hysterical laughter. What *could* she say, what could anybody say, but, "Young man, I think you're dying!" The words were clamouring so loudly in her ears that she glanced apprehensively at Mrs. Harding to make sure that they had not been spoken.

Reynold's smile recalled her to herself, and told her that he was reading too much on her startled face. "Won't you sit down?" he said, pointing to a chair. Before she took it she instinctively put out her hand, and greeted him with a murmur of speech. What she said she did not exactly know, but not those hideous words, thank God!

Mrs. Harding paused for a moment by the fire, gazing curiously at her son, as if she were studying a problem. Then silently, in obedience to some sign of his, or to some divination of her own, she turned away and left the two together.

Barbara looked over her shoulder at the closing door, and her eyes in travelling back to Harding's face took in the general aspect of the room. It was fairly large and lofty. Folding doors, painted a dull drab, divided it from what she conjectured was the sick man's bedroom. It was dull, it was negative, not particularly shabby, not uncomfortable, not vulgar, but hopelessly dreary and commonplace. There was in it no single touch of beauty or individuality on which the eye could rest. Some years earlier an upholsterer had supplied the ordinary furniture, a paper-hanger had put up an ordinary paper, and, except that time had a little dulled and faded everything, it remained as they had left it. The drab was rather more drab, that was all.

"Well," said Reynold from his

arm-chair, "so you have come to see me."

"I wanted to ask you how you were—I heard you were ill," Barbara explained, and it struck her that she was exactly like a little parrot, saying the same thing over and over again.

"Very kind of you," he replied. "Do you want me to answer?"

"If—if you could say you were getting a little better."

He smiled. "It looks like it, doesn't it?" he said, languidly.

Barbara's eyes met his for a moment, and then she hung her head.

No, it did not look like it. Two candles were burning on the chimney-piece, but the curtains had not been drawn. Between the two dim lights, yellow and grey, he sat, leaning a little sideways, with a face like the face of the dead, except for the great sombre eyes which looked out of it, and the smile which showed a glimpse of his teeth. His hand hung over the arm of his chair, the hot nerveless hand which Barbara had taken in her own a moment before.

"I am so sorry," she said. "I hoped I might have had some better news of you before I went away. Did you know I was going away—going to be married?"

She looked up, putting the question in a timid voice, and he answered "Yes," with a slight movement of his head and eyelids. "I wish you all happiness."

"Thank you," said Barbara gratefully.

"And where are you going?"

"To Paris for a time, and then we shall see. He"—this with a little hesitation—"he is very busy."

"Busy—what, more poems?" said the man who had done with being busy.

"Yes. Did you see his volume?"

Harding shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm a little past Mr. Scarlett's poetry."

"Oh!" said Barbara, "of course one can't read when one is ill. You ought to rest."

"Yes," he assented, "I don't seem able to manage that either, just at

present, but I daresay I shall soon. Meanwhile I sit here and look at the fire."

"Yes," said the girl. "Some people see all sorts of things in the fire."

"So they say," he answered listlessly. "I see it eating its heart out slowly. And so you are going to Paris? That was your dream when you were at Mitchelhurst."

"Yes—you told me to wait, and it would come, and it is coming. Oh, but you had dreams at Mitchelhurst, too, Mr. Harding! I wanted them to come true as well as mine."

"Did you? That was very kind of you. Mitchelhurst was a great place for dreams, wasn't it? But I left mine there. Better there."

"I felt ashamed just now," said Barbara, "when your mother spoke about your staying with us at Mitchelhurst. She doesn't know, then? Oh, Mr. Harding, I hate to think how we treated you in your old home, and I know my poor uncle was sorry too!"

"What for? People who can't agree are better apart, and Mrs. Simmond's lodgings were comfortable enough," said Reynold.

"Oh, but it wasn't right? If you and uncle had only met—"

"Well, if all they tell us is true, I suppose we shall before long. Let's hope we may both be better tempered."

"Don't!" cried Barbara, with a glance at the pale face opposite, and a remembrance of her Uncle Hayes propped up in the great bed at Mitchelhurst. Would those two spectres meet and bow, in some dim underworld of graves and skeletons? She could not picture them glorified in any way, could not fancy them otherwise than as she had known them. "Pray don't," she said again.

"Very well," said Reynold, "but why not? It makes no difference. Still, talk of what you please."

"Does it hurt you to talk?"

"Yes, I believe it does. Everything hurts me, and therefore nothing does. So if you like it any better, it doesn't."

"I won't keep you long," said Barbara. "Perhaps I ought not to have come, but I felt as if I could not leave England without a word. You see, there is no knowing how long I may be away"—

"You were wise," said Reynold. "A pleasant journey to you! But don't come here to look for me when you come back. The fire will be out, and the room will be swept and garnished. This is a very chilly room when it is swept and garnished."

To Barbara it was a dim and suffocating room at that moment. She hardly felt as if it were really she who sat there, face to face with that pale Rothwell shadow, and she put up her hand and loosened the fur at her throat.

"You do not mind my coming now?" she said, ignoring the latter half of his speech. "You remember that evening? You did not make me very welcome then." A tremulous little laugh ended the sentence.

He shifted his position in the big chair with a weary effort, and let his head fall back. "It's different," he said. "Everything is different. I was alive then—five and twenty—and I was afraid you might get yourself into some trouble on my account—you had told me how the Mitchelhurst people gossipped. I understood, but they wouldn't have. Did the old man hear of it?"

"No," said Barbara; "he was ill so soon."

Harding made a slight sign of comprehension. "Well, it wouldn't be my business to say anything now," he went on in his hoarse low voice. "Besides, there is nothing to say. If the Devil had a daughter, she couldn't make any scandal out of an afternoon call in my mother's house. She couldn't suspect you of a flirtation with a death's head. Visiting the sick—it is the very pink of propriety."

Barbara felt herself continually baffled. And yet she could not accept her repulse. There was something she wanted to say to Mr. Harding, or rather, there was a word she wanted

him to say to her. If he would but say it she would go, very gladly, for the walls of the room, the heavy atmosphere, and Reynold's eyes, weighed upon her like a nightmare. He had likened her once in his thoughts to a little brown-plumaged bird, and she felt like a bird that afternoon, a bird which had flown into a gloomy cage, and sat, oppressed and fascinated, with a palpitating heart. It seemed to her that his eyes had been upon her ever since she came in, and she wanted a moment's respite.

It came almost as soon as the thought had crossed her mind. Reynold coughed painfully. She started to her feet, not knowing what she ought to do, but a thin hand, lifted in the air, signed to her to be still. Presently the paroxysm subsided.

"Don't you want anything?" she ventured to ask.

He shook his head. After a moment he opened a little box on the table at his elbow, and took out a lozenge. Barbara dared not speak again. She looked at the dull, smouldering fire. "Young man," she said to herself with great distinctness, "Young man, *I think you're dying.*"

She had the saddest heartache as she thought of it. That for her there should be life, London, Paris, the South—who could tell what far-off cities and shores?—who could tell how many years with Adrian? Who could tell what beauty and sweetness and music, what laughter and tears, what dreams and wonders, what joys and sorrows in days to come? While for him, this man with whom she had built castles in the air at Mitchelhurst, there were only four drab walls, a slowly burning fire, and a square grey picture of roofs and chimneys, dim in the foggy air. That was his share of the wide earth! No ease, no love, no joy, no hope,—the mother-world which was to her so bountifully kind, kept nothing for him but a few dull wintry days. Why must this be? And he was so young! And there was so much life everywhere, the earth was full of it, full to overflowing,

this busy London was a surging, tumultuous sea of life about them, where they sat in that dim hushed room. She raised her head and looked timidly at the figure opposite, pale as a spectre, half lying, half lolling in his leathern chair, while he sucked his lozenge, and gazed before him with downcast eyes. From him, at least, life had ebbed hopelessly.

"Young man, I think you're dying." Oh, it was cruel, cruel! Barbara's thoughts flashed from the sick-room to her own happiness—flashed home. She saw the lawn at Sandmoor, and a certain tennis-player standing in the shade of the big tulip tree, as she had seen him often that summer. He was in his white flannels, he was flushed, smiling, his grey-blue eyes were shining, he swung his racquet in his hand as he talked. He was so handsome and glad and young—ah! but no younger than Reynold Harding! Suppose it had been Adrian, and not Reynold, in the chair yonder, and her happy dreams, instead of being carried forward on the full flood of prosperity, had been left stranded and wrecked, on the low, desolate shore of death. It might have been Adrian passing thus beyond recall, the sun might have been dying out of her heaven, and at the thought she turned away her head, to hide the hot tears which welled into her eyes.

"You are sorry for me," said Reynold.

It was true, though the tears had not been for him. "I'm sorry you are ill," she said. She got up as she spoke, and stood by the fire.

"Very kind, but very useless," he answered with a smile.

"Useless!" cried little Barbara. "I know it is useless! I know I can't do anything! But, Mr. Harding, we were friends once, weren't we?"

He was silent. "I thought we were!" she faltered.

"Friends—yes, if you like. We will say that we were—friends."

"I thought we were," she repeated humbly. "I don't mean to make too much of it, but I thought we were

very good friends, as people say, till that unlucky evening—that evening when you and Uncle Hayes—you were angry with me then!”

“That’s a long while ago.”

“It was my fault,” she continued. “I didn’t mean any harm, but you had a right to be vexed. And afterwards, that other evening when I went to you—I don’t know what harm I did by forgetting your letter—you would not tell me, but I know you were angry. Afterwards, when I thought of it, I could see that you had been keeping it down all the time, you wouldn’t reproach me then and there,” said Barbara, with cheeks of flame, “but I understood when I looked back. It was only natural that you should be angry. It was very good of you not to say more.”

“I think it was” said Reynold, but so indistinctly that Barbara, though she looked questioningly at him, doubted whether she heard the words.

“It would be only natural if you hated me,” she went on, panting and eager, now that she had once began to speak. “But you mustn’t, please, I can’t bear it! I have never quarrelled with any one, never in all my life. I don’t like to go away and feel that I am leaving some one behind me with whom I am not friends. So, Mr. Harding, I want you just to say that you don’t hate me.”

“Oh, but you are making too much of all that,” he replied, and then, with an invalid’s abruptness, he asked, “Where’s your talisman?”

She looked down at her watch chain. “I gave it to Mr. Scarlett, he liked it,” she said, with a guilty remembrance of Reynold among the brambles. “But you haven’t answered me, Mr. Harding.”

Her pleading was persistent, like a child’s. She was childishly intent on the very word she wanted. She remembered how her uncle had laughed as she walked home after that first encounter with young Harding. “And you saw him roll into the ditch—Barbara, the poor fellow must hate you

like poison!” No, he must not! It was the *word* she could not bear, it was only the *word* she knew.

“Nonsense!” he said, moving his head uneasily. “Let bygones be bygones. We can’t alter the past. We are going different ways—go yours, and let me go mine in peace.”

It was a harsh answer, but the frown which accompanied it betrayed irresolution as well as anger.

“I can’t go so,” Barbara pleaded, emboldened by this sign of possible yielding. “I never meant to do any harm. Say you are not angry—only one word—and then I’ll go.”

“I know you will.” He laid his lean hands on the arms of his chair, and drew himself up. “Well,” he said, “have it your own way—why not? What is it that I am to say?”

“Say,” she began eagerly, and then checked herself. She would not ask too much. “Say only that you don’t hate me,” she entreated, fixing her eyes intently on his face.

“I love you, Barbara.”

The girl recoiled, scared at the sudden intensity of meaning in his eyes, and in every line of his wasted figure as he leaned towards her. His hoarse whisper sent a shock through the deadened air of the drab room. Those three words had broken through the frozen silence of a life of repression and self-restraint, in them was distilled all the hoarded fierceness of love and revenge. In uttering them Reynold had uttered himself at last.

To Barbara it was as if a flash of fire showed her his passion, such a passion as her gentle soul had never imagined, against the outer darkness of death and his despair. Something choked and frightened her, and seemed to encircle her heart in its coils. It was a revelation which came from within as well as without. She threw out her hands as if he approached her. “*Adrian!*” she cried.

Reynold, leaning feebly on the arms of his chair, laughed.

“Well,” he said, “are you content? I have said it.”

“Oh,” said Barbara, still gazing at

him, "I know now—I understand—you *do* hate me!"

"Love you," he repeated. "I think I loved you from the day I saw you first. I dreamed of you at Mitchelhurst—only of you! Mitchelhurst for you, if you would have it so—but you—you!"

"No!" she cried.

"And afterwards you were afraid of me! If it had been any one else! But you shrank from me—you were afraid of me—the only creature in the world I loved! And then that last night when you came to me—how clever of you to discover that I was fighting with something I wanted to keep down! So I was, Barbara!"

He paused, but she only looked helplessly into his eyes.

"You don't know how hard it was," he continued meaningly. "For if I had chosen——"

"No!" she cried again.

"Yes! Do you think I did not know? *Yes!* I might have had your promise then! I might have had——"

He checked himself, but she did attempt a second denial.

"Well, enough of this," said Reynold, after a moment. "It need not trouble you long. Look in the *Times* and you will soon see the end of it. But you can remember, if you like, that one man loved you, at any rate."

"One man does," said Barbara, in a voice which she tried to keep steady.

"Ah, the other fellow. Well, you know about that."

"Yes, I know."

"And you know that in spite of all I *don't* hate you. No, I don't, though I daresay you hate me for what I have said. But I can't help that—you asked for it."

"Yes," said Barbara. "I wish I hadn't."

"Forget it, then," he replied, with a gleam of triumph in his glance.

"You know I can't do that," she said.

She was too young to know how

much may be forgotten with the help of time, and it seemed to her that Reynold's eyes would follow her to her dying day, that wherever there were shadows and silence, she would meet that reproachful, unsatisfied gaze, and hear his voice.

"You are very cruel!" she exclaimed.

"Am I?" he said more gently. "Poor child! I never meant to speak of this. I never could have spoken if you had not come this afternoon. I could not have told it to anybody but you, and you were out of my reach. Why did you come? You were quite safe if you had stayed away. You should have left me to sting myself to death in a ring of fire, as the scorpions do—or don't! What made you come inside the ring? It's narrow enough, God knows!" he looked round as he spoke. "And you had all the world to choose from. As far as I was concerned you might have been in another planet. I couldn't have reached you. What possessed you to come here, to me? Well, you *did*, and you are stung. Is it my fault?"

"No, mine!" said the girl, passionately. "I never meant to hurt you, and you know I didn't, but it has all gone wrong from first to last. Anyhow, you have revenged yourself now. I wish—I *wish* that you were well, and strong and rich——"

"That you might have the luxury of hating me? No, no, Barbara. I'm dying, and no one in all the world will miss me. I leave my memory to you."

He smiled as he spoke, but his utterance almost failed him, and Barbara's answer was a sob.

"I take it, then," she said in a choked voice. "Perhaps I should have been too happy if I had not known—I might never have thought about other people. But I shan't forget."

Then she saw that he had sunk back into his chair, and his face, which had fallen on the dull red leather, was a picture of death. The

marble bust in Mitchelhurst Church did not look more bloodless.

"Oh!" said Barbara, "you are tired!"

"Mortally," he replied, faintly unclosing his lips. "Good-bye."

She paused for an instant, looking at the dropped lids which hid those eyes that she had feared. She could do nothing for him but leave him. "Good-bye," she said, very softly, as if she feared to disturb his rest, and then she went away.

The window on the stairs was a dim gray shape. Barbara groped her way down, and stood hesitating in the passage. It was really only half a minute before the maid came up from the basement with matches to light the gas, but it was like an age of dreary perplexity.

"I've just left M. Harding," she said hurriedly to the girl, whose matter-of-fact face was suddenly illuminated by the jet of flame. "I'm afraid he's tired. I think somebody ought to go to him."

"Mind the step, miss," was the reply. "I'll tell missis. I daresay he'll have his cocoa, I think it's past the time."

"Oh, *don't* wait for me!" cried Barbara. "I am all right."

She felt as if Reynold Harding might die by his fireside while she was being ceremoniously shown out. She reached the door first and shut it quickly after her, to cut all attentions short. She had hurried out at the gate, under the foggy outline of a little laburnum, when a shout from the pursuing cabman aroused her to the consciousness that she had started off to walk.

Thus arrested, she got into the hansom, covered with confusion, and not daring to look at the man as she gave her address. He must certainly think that she meant to cheat him, or that she was mad. She shrank back into the seat, feeling sure that he would look through the little hole in the roof, from time to time, to see what his eccentric fare might be doing, and she folded her hands and

sat very still, to impress him with the idea that she had become quite sane and well-behaved. As if it mattered what the cabman thought! And yet she blushed over her blunder while Reynold Harding's "I love you," was still sounding in her ears, and while the hansom rolled southward through the lamplit, glimmering streets, to the tune of *Barbara Allen*.

CHAPTER XX.

JANUARY, 1883.

*"A train of human memories,
Crying: The past must never pass away."*

*"They depart and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts."*

"WHEN we are married," Adrian had said on that blissful day in Nutfield Lane, "before we go abroad, before we go *anywhere*, we will run down to Mitchelhurst for a day, won't we?"

Barbara had agreed to this, as she would have agreed to anything he had suggested, and the plan had been discussed during the summer months, till it seemed to have acquired a kind of separate existence, as if Adrian's light whim had been transformed into Destiny. The bleak little English village stood in the foreground of their radiant honeymoon picture of Paris and the south. The straggling rows of cottages, the cabbage plots, the churchyard where the damp earth, heavy with its burden of death, rose high against the buttressed wall, the blacksmith's forge with its fierce rush of sparks, the *Rothwell Arms* with the sign that swung above the door—were all strangely distinct against a bright confusion of far-off stir and gaiety, white foreign streets, and skies and waters of deepest blue. All their lives, if they pleased, for that world beyond, but the one day, first, for Mitchelhurst.

Thus it happened that the careless fancy of April was fulfilled in January. January is a month which exhibits most English scenery to small advantage; and Mitchelhurst wore its dreariest aspect when a fly from the county town drew up beneath the

swaying sign. The little holiday couple, stepping out of it into the midst of the universal melancholy, looked somewhat out of place. Adrian and Barbara had that radiant consciousness of having done something very remarkable indeed which characterises newly-married pairs. They had the usual conviction that an exceptional perfection in their union made it the very flower of all love in all time. They had plucked this supremely delicate felicity, and here they were, alighting with it from the shabby conveyance, and standing in the prosaic dirt of Mitchelhurst street. The sign gave a long, discordant creak by way of greeting, and they started and looked up.

"It wouldn't be worse for a little grease," the landlord allowed, in a voice which was not much more melodious than the creaking sign.

Scarlett laughed, but he realised the whole scene with an amusement which had a slight flavour of dismay. Was this the place which was to give his honeymoon an added touch of poetry? How poor and ignoble the houses were! How bare and bleak the outlines of the landscape! How low the dull, grey roof of sky! How raw the January wind upon his cheek! There was only a momentary pause. Barbara was looking down the well-known road, the bullet-headed landlord scratched his unshaven chin, and the disconsolate chickens came nearer and nearer, pecking aimlessly among the puddles.

"I suppose you can give us some luncheon?" said the young man, and in the interest of that important question it hardly seemed as if there had been a pause at all.

The landlady arrived in a flurry, asking what they would please to order, and Adrian and she kept up a brisk dialogue for the next five minutes. Finally, it was decided that they should have chops. Perhaps the discussion satisfied some traditional sense of what was the right thing to do on arriving at an inn. There was nothing to have *but* the chops which

Adrian had chosen, and he murmured something of "fixed fate, free-will" under his moustache, as he crossed the road in the direction of the church.

"In an hour," he said. "That will give us time to see the church and the village. Then, after luncheon, we will go to the old Place, and the fly shall call for us there, and take us back the short way. Will that do, Barbara?"

Of course it would do; and when they reached the churchyard she bade him wait a moment and she would get the key. The stony path to Mrs. Spearman's cottage was curiously familiar—the broken palings, the pump, the leafless elder-bush. The only difference was that it was Barbara Scarlett—a different person—who was stepping over the rough pebbles.

She returned to Adrian, who was leaning against the gate-post.

"Mitchelhurst isn't very beautiful," he said, with an air of conviction. "I thought I remembered it, but it has come upon me rather as a shock. Somehow, I fancied—Barbara, is it possible that I have taken all the beauty out of it—that it belongs to *me* now, instead of to Mitchelhurst? Can that be?"

She smiled her answer to the question, and then—

"I think it looks very much as usual," she said, gazing dispassionately round. "Of course, it is prettier in the spring—or in the summer. It was summer when you came, you know."

She had a vague recollection of having pleaded the cause of Mitchelhurst at some other time in the same way, which troubled her a little.

"Yes, I know it was summer," said Adrian. "But still——"

"You mustn't say anything against Mitchelhurst," cried Barbara, swinging her great key. "It isn't beautiful, but I feel as if I belonged to it, somehow. It changed me, I can't tell why or how, but it did. After I had been six months with Uncle Hayes, I went home for a fortnight in the spring, and everything seemed so different. It was all so bright and busy there, everybody talked so fast

about little everyday things, and the rooms were so small and crowded. I suppose it was because I had been living with echoes and old pictures in that great house. Louisa and Hetty were always having little secrets and jokes, there wasn't any harm in them, you know, but I felt as if I could not care about them or laugh at them, and yet some of them had been *my* jokes before I went to Mitchelhurst. And I could not make them understand why I cared about the Rothwells and their pictures, when I had never known any of them."

"Louisa is a very nice girl," said Scarlett; "but if Mitchelhurst is all the difference between you two, I am bound to say that I have a high opinion of the place."

"Well, I don't know any other difference."

"Don't you?" and he smiled as he followed her along the churchyard path. "No other difference? None?" He smiled, and yet he knew that the old house had given a charm to Barbara when he saw her first. She had been like a little damask rose, breathing and glowing against its grim walls. He took the key from her hand, and turned it in the grating lock.

It seemed as if the very air were unchanged within, so heavy and still it was. Barbara went forward, and her little footfalls were hardly audible on the matting. Adrian, with his head high, sniffed in search of a certain remembered perfume, as of mildewed hymn-books, found it, and was content. It brought back to him, as only an odour could, his first afternoon in the church, when he stood with one of those books in his hand, and watched the Rothwell pew which held Barbara.

Having enjoyed his memory he faced round and inspected St. Michael, who was as new, and neat, and radiant as ever. Adrian speculated how long it would take to make him look a little less of a parvenu. "Would a couple of centuries do him any good, I wonder?" he mused, half-aloud.

"Not much, I fear." The archangel returned his gaze with a permanent serenity which seemed to imply that a century more or less was a matter of indifference to his dragon and him.

Barbara had gone straight to the Rothwell monuments where Scarlett presently joined her. She did not take her eyes from the tombs, but she stole a warm little hand under his arm. "I wish he could have been buried here," she said in a low voice.

Reynold had said that he bequeathed her his memory, but now, in her happiness, it seemed to be receding, fading, melting away. She gazed helplessly in remorseful pain; he was only a chilly phantom; the very fierceness of his passion was but a dying spark of fire. She could recall his words, but they were dull and faint, like echoes nearly spent. She could not recall their meaning—that was gone. The declaration of love which had burst upon her like a great wave, filling her with pity and wonder and fear, had ebbed to some unapproachable distance, leaving her perplexed and half incredulous. Adrian, in flesh and blood, was at her side, and she thrilled and glowed at his touch; but when she thought of Reynold Harding she met only a vague emptiness. He was not with the Rothwells in this quiet corner; he was not where she had left him, lying back in his leathern chair. That room was swept and garnished and cold, as he had said. No doubt they had put him in some suburban cemetery, some wilderness of graves which to her was only a name of dreariness. Standing where he had once stood in Mitchelhurst Church, she only felt his absence, and she thought that she could have recalled him better if he had been at rest beneath the dimly-lettered pavement on which her eyes were fixed.

She was wrong. Memories cannot bear the outer air, or be laid away in the cold earth; they can only live when they are hidden in our hearts, and quickened by our pulses. Barbara could not keep the remembrance of

Reynold's love alive, with no love of her own to warm it. But in her ignorance she said, wistfully—

"I wish he could have been buried here!" and then added in a quicker tone, "I suppose you'll say it makes no difference where he lies."

"Indeed I sha'n't," said Adrian. "There may be beauty or ugliness, fitness or unfitness, in one's last home as well as any other. Yes, I wish he were here. But he was an unlucky fellow; it seemed as if he were never to have anything he wanted, didn't it?"

"How do you mean—not anything?"

"Well, I think he would have liked Mitchelhurst Place."

"Yes," said Barbara, "he would, I know."

"And I am sure he would have liked the name of Rothwell. He was ashamed of his father's people. That pork-butcher rankled."

"Oh!" said Barbara, still looking at the tombs, "did you know about that? Did everybody know?" She spoke very softly, as if she thought the dusty Rothwell, peering out of his marble curls, might overhear. "No, I suppose he didn't like him."

"I know he didn't. Well, he hadn't the name he liked: he was saddled with the pork-butcher's name. And then, worst of all, he couldn't have you, Barbara!"

She turned upon him with parted lips and a startled face.

"Well," said Scarlett, "he couldn't, you know."

"Adrian! how did you know he cared for me? He did, but how did you know it? I thought I ought not to tell anybody."

"I saw him once," said Scarlett, "and I found it out. I saw him again—just passed him in the road, and we did not say a word. But I was doubly sure, if that were possible. Poor devil! If he could have had his way we should not have met in the lane that day, Barbara."

"I never dreamed of it," she said. "I thought he hated me."

"If a girl thinks a man hates her," said Adrian, "I suppose the chances are he does one thing or the other."

"I never dreamed of it," she repeated, "never, till he told me at the end. It could not be my fault, could it, as I did not know? But it seemed so cruel—so hard! He had cared for me all the time, he said, and nobody had ever cared for him."

"You mustn't be unhappy about that," said Scarlett, gently.

"But that's just it!" Barbara exclaimed, plaintively. "I ought to be unhappy, and I can't be, Adrian! I've got all the happiness—a whole world full of it—and he had none. I must be a heartless wretch to stand here, and think of him, and be so glad because——"

Because her hand was on Adrian's arm.

"My darling," he said, in a tone half tenderly jesting, half earnest, "you mustn't blame yourself for this. What had you to do with it? Do you think you could have made that poor fellow happy?"

She looked at him perplexed.

"He loved me," she said.

"I know he did. You might have given him a momentary rapture if you had loved him. But make him happy—not you! Not anybody, Barbara! How could you look at his face, and not see that he carried his unhappiness about with him? I verily believe that there was no place on the earth's surface where he could have been at peace. Underneath it—perhaps!"

Barbara sighed, looking down at the stones.

"You people with consciences blame yourselves for things foredoomed," said Scarlett. "Harding's destiny was written before you were born, my dear child. Besides," he added, in a lighter tone, "what would you do with the pair of us?"

"That's true," she said, thoughtfully.

"Take my word for it," he went on, "if you want to do any good you should give happiness to the people who are fit for it. You can brighten

my life—oh, my darling, you don't know how much! But his—never! If you were an artist you might as well spend your best work in painting angels and roses on the walls of the family vault down here as try it."

"Yes," said Barbara. Then, after a pause, she spoke with a kind of sob in her voice, "But if one had thrown in just a flower before the door was shut! I couldn't, you know, I hadn't anything to give him!"

Scarlett, by way of answer, laid his hand on hers. When you come face to face with such an undoubted fact as the attraction a man's lonely suffering has for a woman, argument is useless. It is an ache for which self-devotion is the only relief. He perfectly understood the remorseful working of Barbara's tender heart.

"I couldn't do without you, my dear," he said.

"Oh, Adrian!—no!" she exclaimed. "That day when I said good-bye to him, he fancied I was crying for him once, and even that was for you. I was just thinking, if it had been you sitting there!"

"Foolish child! I'm not to be got rid of so easily."

"Don't talk of it!" said Barbara.

Her hand tightened on his arm, and she looked up at him, with a glance that said plainly that the sun would drop out of her sky if any mischance befell him.

"Well," she said, after a minute, more in her ordinary voice, as if she were dismissing Reynold Harding from the conversation, "I'm glad you know. I wanted you to know, but of course I could not tell you."

"It's wonderful with women," said Adrian, gliding easily into generalities, "the things they *don't* think it necessary to tell us, taking it for granted that we know them, and we *can't* know them and *don't* know them to our dying day—and the things they *do* think it necessary to tell us, with elaborate precautions and explanations—which we knew perfectly well from the first."

"Oh, is that it?" Barbara replied,

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smartly. "Then I shall tell you everything, and you can be surprised or not as you please."

"I sha'n't be much surprised," said Adrian, "unless, perhaps, you tell me something when you think you are not telling anything at all."

And with this they went off together to look at the seat in which he sat when Barbara saw him first, and then she stood in her old place in the Rothwells' red-lined pew, and looked across at him, recalling that summer Sunday. It would have been a delightful amusement if the church had been a few degrees warmer, but Barbara could not help shivering a little, and Adrian frankly avowed that he found it impossible to maintain his feelings at the proper pitch.

"I'm blue," he said, "and I'm iced, and I can't be sentimental. And you wore a thin cream-coloured dress that day, which is terrible to think of. Might write something afterwards, perhaps," he continued, musingly. "Not while my feet are like two stones, but I feel as if I might thaw into a sonnet, or something of the kind."

Barbara looked up at him reverentially, and Adrian began to laugh.

"Let's go and eat those chops," he said.

Later, as they walked along the street towards Mitchelhurst Place, Scarlett was silent for a time, glancing right and left at the dull cottages. Here and there one might catch a glimpse of firelight through the panes, but most of them were drearily blank, with grey windows and closed doors. It was too cold for the straw-plaiters to stand on their thresholds and gossip while they worked. There was a foreshadowing of snow in the low-hanging clouds.

"What are you thinking of?" Barbara asked him.

"Don't let us ever come here again!" he answered. "It's all very well for this once; we are young enough, we have our happiness before us. But never again! Suppose we were old and sad when we came back,

H H

or suppose——” He stopped short. “Suppose one came back alone,” should have been the ending of that sentence.

“Very well,” she agreed hastily, as if to thrust aside the unspoken words.

“We say our good-bye to Mitchelhurst to-day, then?” Adrian insisted.

“Yes. There won’t be any temptation to come again, if what they told us is true—will there?”

She referred to a rumour which they had heard at the *Rothwell Arms*, that as Mr. Croft could not find a tenant for the Place he meant to pull it down.

“No,” said Scarlett. “It seems a shame, though,” he added.

Presently they came in sight of the entrance—black bars, and beyond them a stirring of black boughs in the January wind, over the straight, bleak roadway to the house. The young man pushed the gate. “Some one has been here to-day,” he said, noting a curve already traced on the damp earth.

“Some one to take the house, perhaps,” Barbara suggested. “Look, there’s a carriage waiting out to the right of the door. I wish they hadn’t happened to choose this very day. I would rather have had the old Place to ourselves, wouldn’t you?”

“Much,” said Adrian.

These young people were still in that ecstatic mood in which, could they have had the whole planet to themselves, it would never have occurred to them that it was lonely. Their eyes met as they answered, and if at that moment the wind-swept avenue had been transformed into sunlit boughs of blossoming orange, they might not have remarked any accession of warmth and sweetness.

The old woman who was in charge recognised Barbara, and made no difficulty about allowing them to wander through the rooms at their leisure. In fact she was only too glad not to leave her handful of fire on such a chilly errand.

“Is it true,” Mrs. Scarlett asked eagerly, “that Mr. Croft is going to pull the house down?”

“So they tell me, ma’am. There’s to be a sale here, come Midsummer, and after that they say the old Place comes down. There’s nobody to take it now poor Mr. Hayes is gone.”

Adrian’s glance quickened at the mention of a sale, and then he recalled his expressed intention never to come to Mitchelhurst again. “Perhaps he’ll find a tenant before then,” he said. “You’ve got somebody here to-day, haven’t you?”

The woman started in sudden remembrance. “Oh, there’s a lady,” she said, “I ’most forgot her. She said she was one of the old family, and used to live here. My orders are to go round with ’em when they come to look at the house, but the lady didn’t want nobody, she said, she knew her way, and she walked right off. I hope it ain’t nothing wrong, but she’s been gone some time.”

“I should think it was quite right,” said Scarlett. “Come, Barbara.”

They went from room to room. All were silent, empty, and cold, with shutters partly unclosed, letting in slanting gleams of grey light. The painted eyes of the portraits on the wall looked askance at them as they stood gazing about. All the little modern additions which Mr. Hayes had made to the furniture for comfort’s sake had been taken away, and the Rothwells had come into possession of their own again.

Scarlett opened the old piano as he passed. “Do you remember?” he said, glancing brightly, and with a smile curving his red lips, as he began, with one hand, to touch a familiar tune. But Barbara cried “Hush!” and the tinkling, jangling notes died suddenly into the stillness. “Suppose she were to hear!”

“I wonder where she is,” he rejoined, with a glance round. “She must have come to say good-bye to her old home, too.”

There was no sign of her as they crossed the hall (where Barbara’s great clock had long ago run down) and went up the wide, white stairs. But it was curious how they felt her

unseen presence, and how the knowledge that at any moment they might turn a corner and encounter that living woman, made the place more truly haunted than if it had held a legion of ghosts.

"I almost think she must have gone," Barbara whispered, as they came down stairs again.

"No," said Adrian, with an oblique glance which her eyes followed.

Kate Harding was standing by one of the windows in the entrance hall, a stately figure in heavy draperies of black. Hearing the steps of the intruders she turned slightly, and partially confronted them, and the light fell on her face, pale and proud, close-lipped, full of mute and dreary defiance. Only she herself knew the passionate eagerness with which, as a girl, she had renounced her old home—only she knew the strange power with which Mitchelhurst had drawn her back once more. Fate had been too strong for her, and she had returned to her own place, perhaps to the thought of the son who had belonged more to it than to her.

Her eyes, resting indifferently on the girl's face, widened in sudden recognition, and she looked from Barbara to Adrian. Her glance enveloped the young couple in its swift intensity, and then fell coldly to the pavement as she bent her head. Barbara blushed and drooped, Scarlett bowed, as they passed the motionless woman, drawn back a little against the wall, with the faded map of the great Mitchelhurst estate hanging just behind her.

Their fly was waiting at the door, and in less than a minute they were rolling quickly down the avenue. Adrian, stooping to tuck a rug about his wife's feet, only raised himself in time to catch a last glimpse of the white house front, and to cry, "Good-bye, Mitchelhurst!" Barbara echoed his good-bye. Mitchelhurst was only an episode in her life; she cared for the place, yet she was not sorry to

escape from its shadows of loves and hates, too deep and dark for her, and its unconquerable melancholy. She left it, but a touch of its sadness would cling to her in after years, giving her the tenderness which comes from a sense—dim, perhaps, but all pervading—of the underlying suffering of the world. She looked back and saw her happiness, tossed lightly and miraculously from crest to crest of the black waves which might have engulfed it in a moment; and even as she leaned in the warm shelter of Adrian's arm, she was sorry for the lives that were wrecked, and broken, and forgotten.

"Look!" he said, quickly, as the road wound along the hill-side, and a steep bank, crowned with leafless thorns, and brown stunted oaks, rose on the right, "this is where I said good-bye to you, Barbara, and you never knew it!"

"Never!" she cried. "No, I thought you had gone away, and hadn't cared to say good-bye."

"Well, you were kinder to me than you knew. You left me a bunch of red berries lying in the road."

"Ah, but if I had known you were there!"

"Why," said Adrian, "you wouldn't have left me anything at all. You would have died first! You know you would! It was better as it was."

"Perhaps," she allowed.

"Anyhow, it is best as it is," said he conclusively, and to that she agreed; but her smile was followed by a quick little sigh.

"What does that mean?" he demanded, tenderly.

"Nothing," she said, "nothing, really."

It was nothing. Only, absorbed in picturing Adrian's mute farewell, she had passed the place where she first saw Reynold Harding, and had not spared him one thought as she went by. And she was never coming to Mitchelhurst again.

Conclusion.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

‘In England,” said Burke in a passage of wholesome import for politicians and others, “we cannot work so hard as Frenchmen. Frequent relaxation is necessary to us. You are naturally more intense in your application. In your Assembly [1791] you do not allow yourselves a recess even on Sundays. We have two days in the week besides the festivals, and besides five or six months of the summer and autumn. They who always labour can have no true judgment. You never give yourselves time to cool. You can never survey from its proper point of sight the work you have finished, before you decree its final execution. You can never plan the future by the past.” These, he says, after describing the mischiefs that are supposed to be done by this excess of busy pre-occupation, “are among the effects of unremitted labour, when men exhaust their attention, burn out their candles, and are left in the dark.”

Less than ever can the British Parliament be charged with that too effective energy or precipitate fashion of legislation which Burke thought so mischievous. But the five or six months of relaxation which he deemed so salutary are gone as clean as he said that the age of chivalry is gone. The effect of the present political stir will not show itself in a multiplicity of bad laws, or of laws at all; but the stir might not improve the national policy, if it were not for that fine self-protecting quality which has been often noticed in the people of this country, of not being able to be passionately in earnest about more than one thing at once. If the nation were to follow some of its guides—malignants inflamed by party spite, cool hands feigning to be red-hot, excitable on the hunt for

sensations—we should be in a pother truly delirious. We ought to insist on the reduction of the armies of the native states in India. Afghanistan ought to be seized bodily. The navy is a phantom fleet, as sure as Lord Henry Lennox is a substantial reality. Ten thousand men should be sent to South Africa to bring our own colonists to their senses, and to teach the Dutch manners. Ten thousand more should plunge down to the equator to extricate garrisons who have hitherto shown a much more marked partiality for their enemies than for their deliverers. How much longer is the Turk to laugh in his beard about Armenia and Macedonia, to say nothing of the Anglo-Turkish Convention? Are we for ever to persist in the craven pusillanimity which shrinks from boldly taking the Suez Canal, and packing M. de Lesseps and the sixteen thousand other Frenchmen in Egypt, with their actions and their obligations, their coupons and their concessions, their capitulations and their consuls, bag and baggage out of the land?

All this is too intense for our honest public. They do not choose to exhaust their attention, burn out their candles, and leave themselves in the dark. Saint Vitus’s dance is not their type of vigilance and energy in the body politic. They take a more moderate measure of their knowledge and their powers, and they have as a whole a right instinct of the relative proportions of the public affairs that are soliciting their notice and their interest. They will not confuse and bewilder themselves by looking at all their difficulties at once, and shaking them up in a distracting kaleidoscope. “Each generation,” as was said here in our brief survey of the scene at the opening of the year, “has its difficulties, and to each its own troubles

seem more arduous than any that ever were known before. No statesmanship can avert or evade them. They can only be met and settled imperfectly, and our settlements will probably be no more imperfect than in other times."

No observer of sense would deny that we live in curiously anxious times, when an urgent demand may be made on all the resources of national strength. The first condition of strength is self-possession. There is no reason to doubt that this great gift is still ours. They make an inexcusable mistake who look on British phlegm as stolid insensibility, or treat absence of perturbation as want of resolution. Our people are inclined to take one question at a time. That fills their mind; and if circumstances should chance, as they do now, to press more than one question of importance and difficulty at the same moment, then they fix on the matter which they are most competent to grasp, and leave the other in the hands of leaders in whom they have confidence. That is what is happening now. The attention of the *gros public* is fixed on the quarrel between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, and the intricacies of the Egyptian question are left pretty much to Ministers. We may think well or ill of this, as we please; but so it is, and all that is going on now shows it.

The stock argument against a single-barrelled Reform Bill is that it might end in a general election being held with such "abnormal, formless, and monstrous constituencies" as would result if the new electors were poured into the old divisions. Yet, one might ask, to whom is the informal extra-parliamentary appeal of the present recess being made, if not to great bodies of men far more "abnormal, formless, and monstrous" than the constituencies that would find themselves in being if a general election were taken with old boundaries and new voters? What we want, says the Prime

Minister with emphatic iteration, is "a national expression of opinion in the constitutional modes familiar to this country upon this great question." "The decision of this question does not rest with us. It rests with the nation. It is the voice of the nation that will prevail. The expression of opinion which we desire and invite ought to be their act, and not ours. We look to you for your support, for the free national expression of opinion and conviction." The leaders of the Opposition accept the Prime Minister's view and follow the same course of action. The operation that we are now witnessing is an immense appeal to unorganised universal suffrage. The great gatherings of men this month and next are invited to decide not merely whether the Franchise Bill shall ultimately become law, but whether the division of the work of reform decided upon by an immense and a sustained majority in the House of Commons shall be forced upon the House of Lords. These meetings, as people say, constitute an informal *plébiscite*. Yet the whole strife, according to the professions of those who have stirred it up, has been produced by the apprehension that under certain contingencies an appeal might possibly be made to constituencies a trifle more—the least trifle in the world more—irregularly and disproportionately represented than they are now. So do men in the angry competition of political party strain at gnats and swallow camels.

There are few special points to remark in the course of the agitation. The reception of the Prime Minister in Scotland has been an imposing triumph for himself personally, and a signal confirmation of his public authority. He was followed by one of the Conservative leaders, whose imperturbable good temper and reasonable level of speech prevent even the bitterest of political opponents from bearing him a spark of ill-will. But the effect of the two scenes was as if an old-fashioned wooden sloop were to

give chase to the most formidable of the ironclads. In England and Wales, there has been no proportion between the numbers of those who have turned out on the two sides. Whether the ratio has been as twenty to one or ten to one, that part of the contest at any rate is settled, and there is no further dispute as to the winner of the game of Demonstration.

The currents within the Liberal party are diverse, though they all bear the particular question now before us strongly in one direction on the tide of one broad and powerful stream. There is a vigorous group who desire to turn the movement into one for the speedy and unconditional abolition of the hereditary chamber. Another and more serious section, living not quite so near to the Extremity of the Left, are for speaking very plainly both to and about the House of Lords; they believe that the question of its continuance is now definitely raised and cannot be much longer postponed; but they see no signs that the answer to be given to the question has been well considered by the public, and prefer to leave the manner of dealing with the House of Lords to the reformed House of Commons, which it is the first and immediate object of their present action to produce. The first group of Radicals are of the purely rationalistic, non-historical, negative, absolute, unconditional, and destructive school,—though we daresay some of them would hardly know themselves under this abstract style of designation. The other group will be described by the philosophic historian as looking at institutions in their relations to the past, to the general circle of contemporary sentiment and prejudice; as utilitarian, as seeking that political action shall not merely be right and conformable to principle, but shall produce right working consequences; as having for its first aim to construct; as not being blind to all the difficulties and intricacies of the great business of government. Besides these two sections to the Left of the Liberal

party, there are the Whigs,—if we may use that convenient name for the whole composite band of Liberals by family tradition, the intellectual *ergoteurs*, the pedants, the born trimmers and waverers, and all other sorts and conditions of Liberals who are specially distinguished by having little vision and no initiative.

More important for the moment than any of these currents is the purpose, whatever it may be, that is entertained by Mr. Gladstone. It is one of the well-known peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone's character that he refuses to make up his mind definitely on the course to be taken until the moment for decisive action has arrived. From the language of the speeches that he has been making during the month, it would seem that he is now in this, his usual position. He appealed in the language of apology to the forbearance of his Scotch friends, while he confessed to them that he was "not at all averse to the intermixture of the hereditary principle in the constitution of the House of Lords. In a mixed society, in a mixed Government, it has many merits as qualifying the action of many other principles which would be more unchecked without it." "I look with reluctance," he said, "to entering upon questions of organic change in the constitution of this country, *unless and until the moment comes when I can no longer deny them.*" He "will not abandon the hope that reason will prevail, until painful demonstration compels him to relinquish it." "It is no desire of mine to carry the public of this country into a discussion of wide constitutional and organic changes if it can be avoided."

But if it cannot be avoided—if the moment comes when he can no longer deny the actual presence of the question of organic change—what then? What will be the course of the Ministry in respect of the Lords in the coming session? Some think that it is in the Prime Minister's mind to obtain from the Queen the power of

creating peers, and to let it be known to the House of Lords that he has this engine in reserve when the Franchise Bill goes up to them in November or December. According to others, this expedient will not be resorted to until the session of 1885, when the Bill is (in case of its rejection or suspension this year) sent up to them a third time. A third possibility is that in case of the Bill receiving a second repulse, in whatever shape, at the hands of the Lords, the Prime Minister may resolve to commit himself and his adherents to a new departure, by the inclusion in the Ministerial programme of a fundamental change in the constitution of the Upper House, and an agitation based on this new policy. Among other objections to this third course is that it would involve an appeal to constituencies which, on the Liberal hypothesis, at any rate, do not represent the full strength of Liberal opinion in the country. A change in the direction of popular government would thus be judged and decided upon under circumstances the least advantageous, and even the least just, to the popular voice. Mr. Gladstone would go into the lists with one arm tied up. Nor is it easy to see why the reasons that might be supposed to explain the Queen's reluctance to create peers—if such reluctance were found to exist—should not be equally operative against the royal approval of a policy of import so much more disturbing.

Where the difficulties ahead are so thickly strewn, the temptations to compromise are enormous. Mr. Gladstone has hitherto been averse to heroic measures, with perhaps the single, though important exception, of the resort to the Royal Warrant in the abolition of purchase in the army. His language about Lord Cowper's proposal has been taken to indicate in a veiled way his possible readiness to accept that solution. "Lord Cowper," said Mr. Gladstone, "has not been able to inform us that the Tories are ready to enter into that

bargain. I don't know whether the Liberals would be ready to enter into it; but, at any rate, you will excuse me for saying that, in the view of most moderate men, it would be at least premature on my part to consider it until I see whether the same large section, at any rate, of the Tory party—a considerable share of the majority which has destroyed our bill in the House of Lords—is ready to accept that method as a sort of satisfaction to its honour." All we can say is that if the honour of the Lords is satisfied by this proposal, it is as odd as the satisfaction of a duellist who should fire an unloaded pistol into the air. The proposal is that after the Franchise Bill has passed the House of Commons and gone up to the Lords, then the Government should lay the Redistribution Bill on the table of the Commons, not to be actively dealt with, but for the interested and curious inspection of the peers. What would Lord Salisbury and his friends gain by that? Not only would they have no security that the Bill laid on the table would be the Bill as finally shaped and passed, but they would have no security beyond that which they have deliberately rejected as inadequate and unsubstantial—namely the pledge of the Ministry—that time and chance would allow the Bill to be passed at all. The very point of the Conservative objection has been that, without doubting the sincerity of the ministerial intention to deal with Redistribution in 1885, nobody could be sure that with the question of renewing the Crimes Act on hand, with foreign difficulties on hand, and all the other possible contents of the great chapter of accidents, the Government would be in a position to carry a measure abounding, as a Redistribution Bill must, with infinite difficulties of detail, each of them offering an opportunity and a temptation for the stoppage of business. In view of these considerations, it is not surprising from the line the Conservative peers have chosen to follow, that Sir

Stafford Northcote in the latest of his speeches (Sept. 18) has practically declined any proposal which involves the passing of the Franchise Bill before the principles of Redistribution have been—not introduced or laid on the table—but “settled.” It may be thought that these words do not preclude the possibility of contenting the Lords by passing a series of resolutions committing the majority in the House of Commons to certain principles of Redistribution. This could be no contentment, for the reason that we have just set forth. No quantity and no quality of resolutions will ensure the passing of a bill in conformity to them, or of any bill at all. If the Tory peers accept a solution of that kind, it will show that their main argument has throughout been entirely hollow and spurious. Rather than this, we suppose, they would manfully withdraw from the struggle, with the acknowledgment that they had been out-argued by the master of the legions.

The objection to the proposed compromise on the part of the Opposition being so obvious, we need not consider how much, on the other hand, it would savour to the Ministerialists of surrender. An arrangement is still hoped for by some, in the shape of an amendment to be introduced by the Lords into the Bill, which should prevent it coming into operation until the Redistribution Bill has been passed. Lord Cairns, in moving his amendment (July 7), was understood to intimate that if the Government were prepared to meet the difficulty by postponing the operation of the Bill so that no election could take place under it until January, 1887, all might be well. The fatal objection to this is that it might be necessary to dissolve Parliament and take an election before 1887, and then we should see the intolerable spectacle of two millions of voters enfranchised by statute, yet prevented from taking part in the election. It would be absurd in itself, and unendurable to them. Mr. Gladstone, moreover, could hardly be a

party to any scheme of this kind, for, according to the doctrine propounded by him when out of power, it would be improper to defer a dissolution beyond the sixth year of the Parliament.

It is difficult, then, to see what opening there is for conciliation, or how surrender is to be avoided on one side or the other. As the original policy of resistance to the Franchise Bill was prompted by the opinion that an immediate dissolution would be favourable to the party to which the Upper House belongs, it may be that subsequent circumstances have changed that opinion, and with it the policy may change. Nobody outside of the circle of those who are beyond conviction, believes that the action of the Peers has done their party any good in the constituencies, though there may be some difference as to the exact amount of harm that it has done. The zeal of the electioneering managers for a dissolution may therefore have cooled. In another quarter, the prospect has changed, and not to the advantage of the Opposition in the constituencies. The curtain has been lifted from Khartoum, so nothing is to be made out of that; and Lord Northbrook has made the first move in a new Egyptian campaign, which will be a long one, a difficult one, and one which the constituencies will not hurry to take out of the hands of the men who hold all the threads.

The arrival of Lord Northbrook in Egypt has been followed by the beginning of a new departure. The first breach has been made in the financial engagements of the Egyptian Government towards its creditors. One of these engagements was the maintenance of a sinking fund in the terms set forth in the instrument known as Law of Liquidation, which is in fact a sort of deed of composition. The Egyptian Government has often been likened to a bankrupt firm, which carries on the business with receivers and under inspection. The composi-

tion can only be paid on condition that the concern is kept going, and it has for at least two years been evident that in order to pay the composition the working of the concern has been dangerously starved. The Minister now informs the official receivers, the Caisse de la Dette Publique, that he would have been obliged to suspend the payment of all official salaries and other current expenses of administration, if he could not immediately put his hand on cash. On the whole, it seemed simplest to him to appropriate the fund that by the terms of the composition deed was to have gone to redemption of debt. Accordingly he has appropriated it, and in so doing has acted on what, if it stood alone, would be universally admitted to be a very harmless and sensible policy. The first step is nothing more heroic than the suspension of the Law of Liquidation nominally for six weeks. Of course no one supposes that the first step will be the last. The movement for the release of the insolvent from obligations which he is unable to meet, if he is at the same time to keep body and soul together, may turn in one of two directions. The present suspension may, as bondholders of a sanguine turn are inclined to hope, be the first advance towards drawing the administration of Egyptian finance more directly and openly under English control. On the other hand, it may be a preliminary to a more general and extensive repudiation by the Egyptian Government, while the British force stands by and contents itself with the exclusion of foreign interference: in other words, Egypt may proclaim her inability any longer to pay the interest, and may leave the creditors to do their worst, while the British man in possession may prevent that worst from being very bad. In either case, just as the voluntary composition of 1876 was set aside by the Law of Liquidation in 1880, so will the Law of Liquidation now have to be set aside by some other arrangement, and the starting-point of the new arrange-

ment will have to be the same as the fundamental proposition laid down by Lord Salisbury in respect of the Commission of Liquidation, namely, that "it should commence its operations by ascertaining and laying down the sum which on a liberal calculation is necessary for efficiently carrying on the government of the country." The serious change since 1880, and it will grow to be more serious still, is the decline in the value of the articles which the insolvent concern turns out. There has been a tremendous fall in prices, and a corresponding decline in the profits. If the decline goes on, perhaps even if prices of sugar, cotton, wheat, and the rest remain as they are, Egypt will carry on her business so unremuneratively that after working expenses are paid, in the shape of sustenance of her population, the creditors will be left in the lurch. That is the radical element in the situation, and that is one among a hundred other good reasons why Great Britain should be slow to take over a failing and decayed business.

Meanwhile, the immediate point of interest is not economic, but political, diplomatic, and international. Fourteen Powers gave their adherence to the Law of Liquidation, and fourteen Powers have a *locus standi* in the tribunals. What will they, or rather what will two of them, France on the one hand and Germany on the other, say to our cutting, or advising Egypt to cut, the financial knot which the international Commission of Liquidation so elaborately tied? Has the British Government sanctioned what has been done, with or without good reasons for believing that France, Germany, and Austria will acquiesce? Or is it prepared to face the matter out, to let the Powers talk as loudly as they please, and to treat remonstrances such as were immediately launched in French and other Continental newspapers as so much *brutum fulmen* and nothing more? In the latter case, which is perhaps more probably the actual one, it is possible that we may be getting

near very deep waters indeed. The Conference, now that it has failed, must be held to have added to the gravity of the move that has been made; for it is one thing to take action without seeking advice or leave, and another thing to take it after leave has been deliberately withheld, and advice has gone the other way. On the other hand, the good faith to Europe which prompted the Conference tends to disarm the suspicion and jealousy which the new departure would have assuredly excited in far louder tones if it had been made by a Ministry of a more doubtful reputation and less clean hands. Well might Mr. Goschen declare that to him it was a matter of satisfaction that the nations of Europe knew they had to deal with a Government whose pledges of disinterestedness they could rely on. "It would be a calamity," he well said, "should it be replaced by another not bound by those pledges. Europe blames Her Majesty's Government for not doing enough, and I say better a thousand times it should be so than that when we are engaged in this fearfully complicated task, three or four European countries should intrigue against us for trying to establish a protectorate over Egypt." These are words well worth weighing, and the nearer we seem to come to a protectorate—as now—the more important they are.

Unpleasant as it is to say it, there is no use in hiding from ourselves that all depends on Prince Bismarck. The saying of Frederick the Great, that Germany and England have no more to do with one another than a dog and a fish, has lost its point. As it is, the dog has the fish under its paw. The ultimate acquisition of Egypt is supposed to be something that will add immensely to our honour and glory, and to our proud pre-eminence in the councils of Europe. Up to the present point, the process has only landed us in a not very exalted or flattering dependence on the policy or caprice of the German Chancellor.

At last news has come from Gordon, and singular news it is. It sheds a curious light on the fury and rancour with which the Government were assailed from the beginning of the session to the end, by Liberals with whom politics are a peculiar form of hysteria, and by Tories with whom politics are a disturbance of the spleen. Those fearful exhortations and sanguinary gushings—how infinitely silly and shameless do we now perceive them to have been, as in fact sensible men knew them to be at the time. How senseless do all those passionate afternoons and violent nights now seem, in view of the fact that General Gordon was perfectly able to hold his own all the time, and might, so far as we can tell, be away by now, along with all those in Khartoum for whom he was, even in the broadest interpretation, responsible. Of the three telegrams that were announced in London on September 17 it is not easy to make clearly head or tail. In some points they recall the telegram of the spring, in which he inquired whether the millionaires of America and England would be likely to produce a couple of hundred thousand pounds, with which sum the Sultan might be induced to lend two or three thousand troops. "With these men," he then went on, "we could not only settle our affairs here, but also do for the Mahdi, in whose collapse the Sultan would be necessarily interested." Ideas of the same kind seem still to be running in General Gordon's head, though it is difficult to understand how the Soudan is to be surrendered to the Sultan, if Zebehr is also to be sent to him with a salary of 8,000*l.* a year. Still more important intelligence arrived a day or two later, to the effect that an army from Kordofan were slaughtered on July 24, and that the siege of Khartoum was raised six days later. It cannot be said that no doubt hangs over the information, yet it is certainly not incredible. Other cipher telegrams are said to have been received from General

Gordon, but they have not yet been given to the public. "It is known, however," says one correspondent, "that General Gordon insists strongly on the necessity of retaining Khartoum, holding it with Indian troops, and establishing a just Government there. He says that all the troubles there arise more from misrule than from fanaticism or any religious movement. He has also evidently returned entirely to his old opinion, rejecting the ostensible object of his mission—namely, the evacuation of the Soudan."

It is not to be supposed that the extraordinary weakness with which the Government allowed themselves to be bullied into sending General Gordon in the first instance, will now lead them for a single moment to accept a reversal of their policy by the agent whom they so unhappily selected. Of course, in criticising what comes from General Gordon, we must make every allowance for his ignorance of the controversies that have raged in the Parliament and the Press at home. He little suspects that every sentence that he dictates is instantly worked up into ammunition for the virulence of faction, and that his reputation and his present position are being made the catspaw of Outs against Ins. There is no reason to attribute to General Gordon the mutinous and defiant temper which the Opposition are counting on to embarrass their rivals in the Government. However that may be, things have not yet come to this with us, that a military officer is to tell his employers what he will do or will not do. Tiresome as they are, Egyptian distractions have not brought us so low as that in the ordering of our government. General Gordon mixes much practical Scotch shrewdness with all his eccentric mental movements, and his advice about a country which he understands so well as the Soudan should have its proper weight in the councils of the responsible Government. But that he, sitting there alone at Khartoum, without a chance of outside counsel, unacquainted

with all the political considerations—Imperial, Parliamentary, financial, and the rest of them—is to decide off-hand on the necessity of retaining Khartoum with Indian troops or otherwise, is not to be thought of, and probably is thought of by no one less than by himself. We shall not believe until we see it that Gordon aspires to play that part of "prancing proconsul," to which people objected in so lively a manner in the case of Lord Lytton and Sir Bartle Frere. As for Gordon's notion, if it be his notion, of retaining Khartoum with Indian troops, that is all mere moonshine. The Indian Government will have something to say to that, and we all know what that something will be. If any policy of this sort is resorted to, we may be sure that it will not be carried out by the Government now in Downing Street. It is impossible that they, at any rate, can be parties to the policy that General Gordon is here supposed to recommend. The present English Ministry are pledged up to the hilt against the retention of the Soudan, in any shape or form, and they are not likely to swallow their policy even for the most commanding personality. On the same occasion when he disclaimed all responsibility for the relief of the garrisons, Lord Hartington said with unusual emphasis of manner, "We have no British interests in the Soudan; there are no European interests in the Soudan, or at least no adequate British or European interests, which would justify the employment of British forces or the expenditure of British resources in an expedition to restore British authority over that part of Africa."

The Khartoum expedition has assumed dimensions that excite the ridicule of some and the amazement of others. Like everything else, done or left undone, even military enterprises are seized upon as pabulum for partisan attack. Lord Wolseley reached Alexandria on the 16th of this month, and of course there has been no time yet

in which to hear whether he has learned anything at Cairo to change the plan that he had resolved upon in Pall Mall. One would like to know what Nubar thinks in his mind of minds of the outlook. According to one correspondent he enunciates the oracular saying, worthy of Delphi itself, that it will be a question either of a few weeks or a few years. If the hostile tribesmen do not disperse at once, there is no reason why they should not collect round the Mahdi's standard and hold together and harass our forces for an indefinite time—until in fact we have accomplished that desperately troublesome task which has always been spoken of with such horror, namely the reconquest of the Soudan. Abd el Kader, who has had military experience in the country, warns us to expect resistance as stubborn as that which our men encountered at El Teb and Tamasi, at three points north of Khartoum, if not more. These predicted battles at Abu Hamed, at Berber, and at Shendy, may not come off; but if they do, will they not be a rather singular comment on the line taken by Ministers throughout the last session? What becomes of the Prime Minister's memorable declaration of May 12:—"We are determined not to place this country in conflict with people struggling for their freedom, and not to draw this country blindfolded into any wild engagement of which it had not had due notice."

It can hardly be that we are going to extricate all the Egyptian garrisons, because the Ministry have more than once repudiated any obligation towards those interesting bands. "I contend," said Lord Hartington (February 19), "that we are not responsible for the rescue or relief of the garrisons either in the Western, or the Southern, or the Eastern Soudan." In the debate of May, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, with forefinger boldly extended across the table, taunted the Government with Gordon's words

about the indelible disgrace of sacrificing the garrisons of Berber, Kassala, Dongola, and Sennaar. Mr. Gladstone in turn, when his time came, extended his forefinger in retaliation, and taunted the Opposition with cowardice or weak power of inference in not carrying this argument honestly through. "Are these," he cried, "the only garrisons in the Soudan? There are six other garrisons in the Soudan, containing, I think, a majority of the whole force in the Soudan. Are these six other garrisons to be sacrificed with safety to our own honour if we go into the country to rescue those four? Upon what principle is the distinction to be drawn between them? There is no principle at all. The only question is this—that whereas some of these garrisons are at a great distance and difficult of access, others are at a greater distance still. But when you have got to these garrisons, why not go forward to the others? What is the answer of the right hon. gentleman? I think he has no answer to give—probably he does not want to give an answer—but I ask him now, is he prepared to say that it is the military duty of England to rescue these garrisons of Kassala, Sennaar, Berber, and Dongola? The right hon. gentleman is dumb." Yet the position which the Prime Minister thus emphatically repudiated, and the leading representative of the Opposition by implication repudiated also, is now spoken of as an accepted object of the expedition.

In truth we are still without definite explanations of the objects of the present employment of British forces and expenditure of British resources. We shall learn in good time. In the past the explanations of the limits of such operations have been definite enough. From first to last it has been a condition of General Gordon's mission that we were not to make military expeditions for the sake of the Egyptian garrisons. "Our policy," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer last February, "will

be to carry out the evacuation of the Soudan by peaceable means." Mr. Gladstone, with copious repetition, on the same occasion assured the House of Commons that General Gordon's plan was "entirely pacific in its basis," that it was a "great pacific scheme," and so forth. In May, he said that Gordon asked to be furnished with the authority of Governor-General in order to carry through "the work of peaceful evacuation." He reproached a Conservative opponent for saying that Gordon received from the British Government power to make peace or war as he pleased. "He received nothing of the kind. His mission was absolutely a pacific one, and it was nothing else as far as we were concerned." Everybody remembers the Prime Minister's comments on the interpretation put by the Opposition on Gordon's hope that in case of failure he should receive "support and consideration." Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, according to Mr. Gladstone, had said that "the words 'support and consideration' can mean nothing else than the license to transform a pacific into a warlike mission; and that our having received General Gordon's application for support and consideration binds us to support him by military means in the wide and extensive projects which his speech unfolds." "I must say," Mr. Gladstone proceeded, "that statement is perfectly absurd. To turn the words 'support and consideration' into a license to embark upon war and bloodshed is as great a license of interpretation as I ever heard applied to a public document."

It is not, however, worth while to pile up evidence of this sort. The last authoritative word on the question of General Gordon was spoken in the message which Lord Granville desired Mr. Egerton to try to communicate to Gordon on the 17th of last May:—

"As the original plan for the evacuation of the Soudan has been dropped, and as aggressive operations cannot be undertaken with the countenance of Her Majesty's Government,

General Gordon is enjoined to consider and either to report upon, or, if feasible, to adopt, at the first proper moment, measures for his own removal and for that of the Egyptians at Khartoum who have suffered for him or who have served him faithfully, including their wives and children, by whatever route he may consider best, having especial regard to his own safety and that of the other British subjects.

"With regard to the Egyptians above referred to, General Gordon is authorised to make free use of money rewards or promises at his discretion. For example, he is at liberty to assign to Egyptian soldiers at Khartoum sums for themselves and for persons brought with them per head, contingent on their safe arrival at Korosko, or whatever point he may consider a place of safety; or he may employ and pay the tribes in the neighbourhood to escort them. Her Majesty's Government presume that the Soudanese at Khartoum are not in danger."

That is, or was, the character of the Ministerial policy in May. If the objects of the expedition go beyond the limits that are here laid down, the extension will need to be explained and defended.

The Government and the public will have to make up their minds more firmly in one way or another about our action in South, no less than in North, Africa. The telegrams need to be read with caution, but there is no reason to disbelieve the latest explanation of Boer policy being to encourage the formation of petty republics, creating a situation so intolerable to the British Government that they would cease to offer opposition to their absorption by the Transvaal. What then? There were three possible policies in Bechuanaland. One was to send an armed force of considerable size to operate some eleven hundred miles from the base, at enormous cost, on behalf of one set of natives against another set, backed by Boer marauders, at the risk of rousing the full strength of hostile Dutch sentiment throughout South Africa. A second course was to institute a joint protectorate with the Cape Colony, to send an Imperial Resident, and to support him by a substantial force of police. The third course was to leave the rival tribes and their chiefs and their Boer allies and Boer assailants to

fight it out among themselves. The third course was discarded as brutal and unworthy; the first was rejected as involving trouble out of all proportion to its object; and the second was accepted. Let any candid man who has mastered the facts, now ask himself in what respect the consequences of the third course could have been less advantageous either to the cause of humanity or to the dignity of the flag; than the actual consequences of the course that was followed. We are not carping at the Colonial Office for shrinking from leaving the intestine quarrels of the tribes to work themselves out, still less are we for girding at Mr. Mackenzie for making an experiment in which he had a strong and honest faith. All that we ask is whether, after all—after what is always called the cowardly and mean policy has been rejected—the tribes and the chiefs and the marauders are not going to be left to fight it out among themselves, just as if the cowardly and mean policy had been faced in a manly way, and in a manly way acted upon? The collapse of Mr. Mackenzie's protectorate is perfectly well understood. The Dutch in the Cape Colony sympathise with the objection of their kinsmen in the Transvaal to the presence of the British agent in Bechuanaland. When sentiment is aided by apprehensions of material damage, it becomes invincible. The people in the Cape Colony, the English minority no less than the Dutch majority, awoke to the fact that they would be called upon to pay half the bill for the joint protectorate, without having half the power, or half of any other advantages. An election took place, the Dutch party succeeded, the old ministry was put out, a movement for annexation was at once set afoot, the policy was reversed, and a resolution was passed in favour of "a measure for the annexation to the Cape Colony of the territory on the south-west border of the South African Republic now under the protection of Great Britain."

We have once more found out the

truth of what was said by the Prime Minister eighteen months ago. His words have been quoted here before, but they will bear repetition. The Dutch, as he then told the House of Commons, continue to be the dominant influence through the principal parts of the country, excepting Natal, "and it is essential to a sound policy in South Africa that you should well weigh your relations to these people." "If there is one thing comes out more clearly than another in the history of recent years it is that the Dutch population is, in the main, one in sentiment throughout South Africa, from the Cape to the northern border of the Transvaal; and that in dealing with one portion of it you cannot exclude from view your relations to the whole."

That aggression by the Boers on the frontier will come to pass is as certain as anything can be, because the Boers in want of land will find the same temptation and opportunity as always arises under such circumstances in the intertribal quarrels of the natives. Thus attempts are made to rouse our indignation by telling us that the freebooters have eaten up Montsioa. But let us hear a word on the other side, coming from a missionary source, the very reverse of being unfriendly to Mr. Mackenzie. "Montsioa," says the writer, "knew that the Resident was coming, and had been advised to keep quiet. The so-called burglars of the land of Goshen knew it too, and had practically evacuated their territory. From no other possible motive that one can see, except a desire to exalt his power, Montsioa sends and destroys some houses the Boers had vacated, and the act at once aroused indignation. The result was a re-assembling of the volunteers, and a repetition of oft-told troubles." This should be read as a corrective to the official version appearing in the telegrams of to-day.

Another story from the same source, an English missionary writing from Bechuanaland, is worth reproducing to illustrate how the quarrels arise,

which we are reproached for not putting down:—

"It will be told how the Free State has swallowed up the little Barolong territory of Thabanchu, with its 12,000 people; and perhaps it will be asked, Why did not the Imperial Government step in and hinder such an act? But what are the facts of the case? In 1880 Meroka, chief of the Thabanchu section of the Barolongs, died, leaving two rival claimants to his power—Samuel, his son, and Tshipinare, son of his elder brother. These two submitted their claims to the President of the Free State, who decided in favour of Tshipinare. At once Samuel commenced an agitation among his native sympathisers, which has just resulted in an attack upon the town of Tshipinare and his murder. The Free State Government refused to allow such a state of things in the heart of their territory, and after commanding Samuel to leave the country in vain, the country was proclaimed Free State territory, and Samuel was soon a prisoner in Bloemfontein.

Anybody who knows the rudiments of the history of the advance of English rule in India, or of the advance of the English race in North America, Australia, or anywhere else on the face of the globe, including Ireland, for that matter, will recognise the operation of the same iron law. Yet we may expect to hear poor Samuel and Tshipinare trotted out on the floor of the House of Commons to prove that the sceptre of the Empire burns Mr. Gladstone's fingers, and that Great Britain is becoming too weak for the sphere of her duty.

It is worth while to say a word in the same direction upon the new Convention with the Transvaal. The Volksraad has ratified that instrument, "under acknowledgment of the generosity shown by Her Majesty," but not without a protest against three of its clauses, including the settlement of the boundary, especially on the western border of the Republic, and the right of veto reserved to the British Crown upon treaties that may be concluded by the Republic with foreign Powers. For our own part, we have never been able to understand what is gained by the teasing reservations that are supposed to stand for Imperial dignity in these dealings with the Transvaal. They are per-

fectly idle. The boundary, for instance, will settle itself in spite of all the parchment in Pretoria and London put together. The right of veto will never be exercised unless the particular treaty is one of an important kind; and if it is important, the Transvaalers and the foreign Power, whoever it may be, will stick to their treaty in spite of the veto, because they will doubt whether we shall back up our veto with an army. Why did the Government not have courage to wash their hands of the Transvaal in the summer of 1880, and why do they insist on leaving a little finger in the trap in every negotiation since? Does any mortal pretend that the policy professed in the elections of 1880 as to the Transvaal would have left the dignity or power or self-confidence of the realm weakened or impaired? No, but much heightened and strengthened.

As we are speaking of colonies, an example of the curious nature of the colonial tie was furnished the other day, which ought not to be passed over. The sugar industry in the West Indies has reached an alarming point of depression. This, it is contended, has been mainly caused by large bounties given in Germany and other beet-producing countries in Europe on the exportation to Great Britain of beet sugar. This has the effect of practically excluding West India sugar from the British markets, because the bounties paid to the foreign producers constituted a protection with which no British West India sugar colony could possibly compete. The colonies will therefore, if nothing can be done, be forced to abandon the production of sugar, and that means for an indefinite time to come nothing less than their absolute ruin. Their representatives laid their views before Lord Derby at the end of last month (August 28). Among other expedients the West Indian colonists would like to obtain the most-favoured-nation treatment from the United States, and asked about the possibility of a reciprocity treaty. The first was dropped for technical reasons. As to the second, Lord

Derby pointed out that in such treaties the two parties bound themselves to give each other special advantages which they had not given to the rest of the world. The question was whether anything like the system of reciprocity could be established between the United States and the West Indies which would not impose disadvantageous differential treatment upon British goods. Lord Derby apprehended that this might be the case, but it would not be very easy. Here we see the possibility of a case in which a colony suffers and is brought near to the brink of ruin by the closeness of the bond with the mother country, which hinders it from making the best bargain for its own interests. What happened? The deputation told the Colonial Secretary that there was and would be a movement in favour of annexation to the United States! May we hope that it will not quite come to that?

The troubles between France and China are still following their sluggish and obscure, but most perilous course. England has done bad work in China before now, but at least we may claim for ourselves that Lord Elgin's policy bred in the Chinese mind a new faith in diplomacy which has had the solid practical effect of giving us five and twenty years of peace. Apart from the intolerable badness of the French case on its original merits, and apart from the mischief which their doings may yet work on the internal cohesion of Chinese government, not the least of the evil for which they are responsible is the fact of their undoing that work in the Chinese mind which Lord Elgin did.

The object and the results of the meeting of the three Emperors at Skirnieve are still unknown. One story is that they talked about disarmament (the least probable); another that they concocted measures against what men, bedulled by despotism, call

anarchy; a third that they concocted plans for keeping the troublesome little Powers in the Balkan peninsula quiet; a fourth that England is to be pressed about Egypt, while Russia is to tease us in Afghanistan; a fifth that it was a formal exclusion of Italy from the charmed circle of their High Mightinesses. There are other conjectural keys to the secret; but the above are enough from which to choose a guess, until time discloses the true answer. Whatever reference, if any, the Three Emperors may have made to Italy, the King of that country has covered himself with honour, which even clericals cannot find in their hearts to withhold, by his courageous and humane sojourn in the midst of deadly pestilence at Naples, where his presence did much to stay demoralisation among the people, and to infuse discipline and co-operation among physicians, ecclesiastics, and public officers.

The fierce conflict between Liberals and Clericals in Belgium has waxed fiercer during the month. On the 7th a clerical demonstration was assailed by rioters in the streets of Brussels, and at Antwerp and Ghent there were similar displays of strong feeling on a smaller scale. The King was urgently invited to veto the Education Bill; but he replied by stating his intention to "conform to the will of the country as expressed by the majority in the two Chambers." Of course the Bill is only the symbol and the flag of a passionate underlying antagonism, and what Liberals object to is less anything in the letter of the new law, than the spirit in which it will be worked by the rural clergy. There is no sign that the Ministers desire to push their policy to extremes, but the fear of the Liberals, perhaps an exaggerated fear, is that in the country districts the law may be worked by the dominant power without either judgment or mercy.

September 23.

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